THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

COMMENTATORS as remote from each other politically as Leon Trotski and conservative editors in all countries assert that the wave of purges in Soviet Russia means the beginning of the end for Stalin. Both, for quite different reasons, of course, would enjoy the Georgian's demise either literally or politically. Friends of the present régime have been obliged to accept the Kremlin's actions on faith. Persons who are lukewarm toward Moscow have been shocked and bewildered. As for 'completely unbiased observers of Russia'—there aren't any.

In an effort to clarify the Soviet mystery for our readers we reprint from the *Listener* an address by Sir Bernard Pares, who is probably as well-informed about Russian affairs as anyone outside the French, German and Japanese General Staffs, and who, in addition, is as detached an authority as we are likely to find. In his article, 'Crisis in the Kremlin,' he offers an interpretation of recent events that may well stand when we are in possession of all the facts. Sir Bernard Pares is Professor of Russian Language, Literature and History in the University of London, Director of that institution's School of Slavonic Studies and an editor of the *Slavonic and East European Review*. He was attached to the Russian Army from 1914 to 1917 and served as adviser in the British Embassy during its last days in Petrograd. [p. 478]

ITALY'S iron-clad censorship on news from Ethiopia does not necessarily mean that chaotic conditions prevail in the colony. Yet our suspicions are certain to be aroused when independent foreign correspondents are excluded. Ladislas Farago, who wrote his dispatch, 'Defiant Ethiopia,' at Jibuti, was obliged to gather much of his information about conditions in the interior from refugees. While in some respects he may have been misled, his assertions reflect the views of the French at Jibuti. Señor Farago was a correspondent at Addis Ababa prior to the war and served as war correspondent for the *New York Times* and the London *Sunday Chronicle* during the hostilities. He was the only journalist permitted to accompany the Ethiopian Army of the North. His *Abyssinia on the Eve* was published in London and New York in 1936. [p. 482]

THAT Hitler 'at home' lives in a modest little chalet in the Bavarian Alps is nothing but a fairy tale, according to Sydney Morrell, who inspected the Führer's estate at Berchtesgaden on a special assignment from the London *Sunday Express*. He dispels the legend with swift strokes as he gives detailed information about 'Hitler's Hiding Place,' which is at once a palatial villa and a camouflaged fortress. [p. 486]

SERIOUS German writers today are confronted with a thousand-and-one difficulties in their effort to carry on a great literary tradition. The anonymous Swiss author of our article on 'The Plight of the German Writer' is keenly appreciative of those difficulties and exposes the unofficial Nazi censorship. [p. 488]

RUDOLF KIRCHER, the editor-in-chief of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the only German newspaper which has not yet been completely coördinated, summarizes Nazi Germany's attitude toward France in the article, 'France Must Decide!' [p. 494]

OUR short story is 'The Beetle,' by Consorcio Borje, a Filipino. [p. 498]

THE PROBLEMS of three of the minor characters in the great European drama —Switzerland, Sweden and Estonia—are dealt with in this issue. The struggle of Swiss democracy against the Fascist

(*Continued on page 558*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

August, 1937 *Volume 352, Number 4451*

The World Over

WE NEED NOT WAIT for the over-worked 'historian of the future' to describe our current summer as critical in international affairs. That we know already. But will the historian record that the crisis led to catastrophe? And will he point to the discovery of major weaknesses in the Soviet structure as decisive in the course of events? There are grounds for believing that a supposedly powerful Russia has exercised a restraining influence upon two of the three most ambitious Great Powers: upon Germany because of the alliances with Czechoslovakia and France; and upon Japan because of the shadow of her wings over the tinder-like Japanese cities. While there may be reasonable objections to this view of Red Russia as a support to the peace, it is clear that the international situation has deteriorated in Europe as well as in the Far East since the execution of Marshal Tukhachevski and his associates on June 12th. And two months of dangerous possibilities remain before nature's temperature and statesmen's tempers fall to safer levels.

THE HATRY CRASH in London in September, 1929, presaged the Wall Street crash of a month later, so Americans may well be alert when the London *Economist* declares: 'it is obvious that the economic danger-signals are up,' and when most of Britain's leading economists

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are of the same mind. This anxiety across the Atlantic is based on the appearance of certain factors which in the past have almost always preceded a recession: a decline in building, rising costs and prices, a rise of the wholesale price curve above the curve of business activity, and new taxation. One British economist, Mr. Colin Clark, is so sure of his equation that he writes in the June *Economic Journal* that the new slump will begin in December, 1937, or not later than January, 1938.

Mr. Clark asserts that the industrial tide normally turns about a year after the prospect for investment begins to deteriorate; and he asserts that deterioration began in England in December, 1936. Of the three factors which are considered most likely to upset his calculations, namely, subsidized building, rearmament and rising exports, Mr. Clark maintains that he has made proper allowance for rearmament and exports, and promises his slump on schedule if the Government does not at once prepare plans for public works and for the stimulation of private investment and consumption. On the whole, Mr. Clark's views correspond with those set forth by John Maynard Keynes in his article, 'How to Avoid a Slump,' which appeared in our March issue, although Mr. Keynes gave his warning without dates. And still another expert, Sir William Beveridge, recently deplored the fact that 'the only eventuality which is planned for ahead is war,' and urged that a competent board be established to prepare for economic dangers.

In supporting the conclusions of these private investigators, the *Economist* says:—

> The history of the Great Depression and the not-so-great Recovery has surely taught us that Governments must accept responsibility for deciding the main direction of national economic development. It would be calamitous if, during the best of the fat years, the Government, for want of forethought and active preparation, allowed lean years to come upon us again. *We can, no doubt, stand minor recessions in the curve of business activity. We can certainly not stand—nor, perhaps, will our familiar social institutions stand—anything like another Great Depression.* Happily, there is no evidence that anything like a calamity of those dimensions can occur within any foreseeable time. The economic barometer is still rising in this and other countries. But fair weather is the time to prepare for the rainy day; and when most of the leading economists are of one mind on the need to safeguard prosperity, the Government would only be prudent to take them into consultation.

The United States, we recall, also had a 'Great Depression,' and is also enjoying a 'not-so-great Recovery,' and the passage from the *Economist* which we have italicized applies as well to us as to Britain. But our economists and great financial organs are lagging far behind the British in the study of the factors which can preserve, and those which can wreck, the moderate degree of prosperity we have regained since 1933.

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PREMIER MUSSOLINI'S PROMISE to ban anti-British broadcasts in Arabic on the proposal to partition Palestine, in response to a direct plea from Mr. Eden, makes *apropos* a note on the activities of the powerful Italian radio station at Bari. From Bari 'news,' a great deal of it anti-British in character, is broadcast in Arabic, Turkish, Greek and several Indian languages—in sixteen tongues altogether. Since the beginning of the Ethiopian War propaganda has been centered on the Arabs of the Near East to promote Il Duce's wooing of Islam and his propaganda against Britain, and the rapid growth of nationalist sentiment in Egypt, Syria and Palestine has to some extent been due to the influence of Bari.

The following examples of the anti-British 'news dispatches' broadcast in Arabic from that station were included in a letter which Vernon McKenzie, Director of the University of Washington School of Journalism, sent to the London *Sunday Times*:—

> January 9, 1936: '. . . prisoner taken at Areri (in Ethiopia) had dum-dum bullets on him similar to those employed by the British Army and British machine-gunners. . . .'
>
> February 8, 1936: The station commentator gave quotations from an interview which purportedly appeared in the *Jehad* of Cairo, in which the Prime Minister of Egypt speaks of the disastrous consequences of a sanctions policy imposed on Egypt by Great Britain. A careful search in the *Jehad* files fails to disclose any such interview.
>
> March 21, 1937: 'Vile, dirty and lying voices from Britain's cities want at all price to make believe things which are imaginary, invented by reporters, on the voyage of Il Duce from Libya.'
>
> Same date: 'These organs of different political parties, these voice-carriers of the whisky and potato race. . . .' (palpably, from the context, referring to Great Britain.)
>
> Same date: 'Gentlemen's agreements are vain words condemned beforehand; childish amusement which only dirties paper. This is how it is calculated in England. . . . On our part, we will respect these agreements until the given moment, but no longer.'
>
> March 22, 1937: 'The Aga Khan, in an interview with a London paper, stated that if Il Duce's promises regarding Italy in favor of Islam should be realized, this would have a resounding effect on the Arabs of the world, who would place all their hopes in the Italian Government.' (This appears to be a definitely garbled report of an interview which appeared in the *Egyptian Gazette* in which the Aga Khan said, in part: 'We in India are happy and prosperous under our King-Emperor.')

HUNGARY AND BULGARIA have been quietly rearming far beyond the meager limits permitted by the Treaties of Trianon and Neuilly, and their open rearmament can be expected before many months have passed, either through agreement with the Little Entente or unilaterally with the tacit consent of one or more members of the Entente. Hungary, under Premier Kalman Daranyi, has recently moderated both her pro-

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German sympathies and her irredentist claims and is living on vastly improved terms with her neighbors. The question of restoration seems no longer to worry the succession States, although they would no doubt oppose the reunion of Austria and Hungary, in the very unlikely event that it should be mooted. There is, in fact, something like an era of good feeling along the middle and lower Danube, thanks to the conciliatory policies of Drs. Hodza, Schuschnigg and Stoyadinovich, the mild Daranyi and even Tatarescu. None of these statesmen is a fire-eater; one and all have lately gained independence and initiative as the controlling influences of recent years, whether French or Italian, have been relaxed. As for Bulgaria, she is in no position to rearm on her neighbors' scale but she desires to recover that element of her sovereignty and might do so in return for becoming a member of the Balkan Entente. While war clouds form in the Far East, while treason in high places strains Russia's nerves and the Spanish conflict continues to hold Western Europe tense, it is a relief to find the Balkan region—the original 'powder-keg'—quiet.

THE STRENGTH OR WEAKNESS of Stalin's hold on Russia is a question of the greatest importance in European and Far Eastern affairs. In addition to the interpretation which Sir Bernard Pares gives of recent events in his article, 'Crisis in the Kremlin,' (p. 478), we offer two further glosses on the executions of Marshal Tukhachevski and his associates.

The first is from Stalin's own memorandum, to which a correspondent of the London *News Chronicle* claims to have gained access. In it, Stalin exonerates the generals of treason in any vulgar sense. They did, he contends, not betray secrets to potential enemies for money, nor did they apparently betray military secrets, properly so-called. They were, however, in constant touch with German agents and military officers, and not only discussed with them conditions in Russia but criticized the policy of the Soviet Government. They were accused of having had a desire to wreck the Russian alliances with bourgeois governments, and of hostility toward a line of action which finds expression in Russia's membership in the League. Stalin held that such a political conception would result in the downfall of Soviet Russia, and that the men holding it were traitors. The correspondent then quotes Stalin's statement in the memorandum in regard to their confessions: 'The Slav takes as much satisfaction in being a martyr for an ideal as in helping it to triumph.'

The second commentary, from an editorial in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, is of interest as a German appraisal of discipline in the Soviet Army:—

> Stalin, through his recent purge, has given proof to the entire world of his supremacy over the army. He was not afraid to announce officially that half-a-dozen generals were involved in underground propaganda. While this was an

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admission that the Red Army was diseased, he hopes by his radical cure to prove that the disease has been conquered. Whatever the facts may be, his recent changes in personnel and his reorganization of the Red Army are safeguards against the recurrence of the danger. One of the most important of these safeguards is the fact that the army has been made 'redder' than it was before. It has been put back under the supervision of Communist Commissars, as was the case during the Civil War. All questions about the army's discipline seem to have been answered. Marshal Tukhachevski, who was popular and enjoyed an unusually high reputation as an organizer and soldier, was shot like any common traitor. The army gave not the slightest sign of protest—proof that it is disciplined.

READERS OF 'THE WORLD OVER' were prepared for Great Britain's drastic proposal to partition Palestine by our report in the June issue that the Royal Commission would 'take its cue from King Solomon and propose the division of Palestine into Jewish and Arab cantons, with Jerusalem remaining a neutral, sacred city under British administration.' The plan, which was officially announced on July 8th, proposes the establishment of autonomous Jewish and Arab States rather than separate cantons in a federal structure. As we predicted, there has been a storm of criticism from both sides, and the press has given adequate space to the many-angled question. Britain's next step will be to secure the approval of the Mandates Commission of the League, of which an Italian, Marquis Alberto Theodoli, is Chairman, and that of the United States. Minor changes only are to be anticipated, and the two communities will have an opportunity to cool off during the transitional period in which Palestine is to be prepared for the partition. It is unfortunate for the present, however, that no Zionist or Arab leader can approve the plan without being called a traitor.

REGIONAL PACTS OF AMITY, arbitration and defense are believed by many statesmen to be the most practicable means of preserving peace, in view of the League's undeniable weakness. The most important of those already concluded is probably the Balkan Entente, which was formed largely through the initiative and energy of Turkey's able Foreign Minister, Tewfik Rushdu Aras. The latest of these arrangements, the Middle Eastern Pact between Turkey, Iraq, Iran and Afghanistan, is also attributable to the efforts of Aras. Because of Turkey's influence, and Russia's friendship with the member States, this pact may become a useful part of the peace machinery. Thus far, however, the only regional pact to be seriously tested, that of Locarno, was smashed when Germany reoccupied the Rhineland. That was perhaps an exceptional case, as National Socialist Germany had not been a party to the agreement; yet the regional pact has still to prove its worth as a mechanism to preserve

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peace when serious disputes arise. The same observation applies to the scores of bilateral and multilateral pacts that have been concluded since the war. They are likely to be observed or broken when a crisis arises according to the view which each nation concerned will take of its own interests at that particular moment. Most of these pacts were either based on narrow and mutable interests, or else were lightly contracted because they were in vogue.

MOHANDAS K. GANDHI is still the dominant figure in India despite his ill-health and official retirement from politics. It was he who drafted the Delhi Resolution of last March which required assurances from the British Provincial Governors that they could not give and, in consequence, led the powerful Congress Party to refuse to take office in the six Provinces where it had won a majority at the polls. And it was Gandhi who, after a deadlock lasting more than three months, induced the Working Committee of the Congress to drop the demand for assurances on July 7th. Mr. Gandhi's political genius has been at its peak in this dispute, and is a sufficient answer to critics who have asserted that he had outworn his usefulness to the cause of Swaraj.

Gandhi and his conservative following in the Congress, while opposed to the new Constitution, were nevertheless willing to take office and until the middle of last March wrangled with the Socialists over that question. The obstructionist policy he adopted in the Delhi Resolution seems now to have had one purpose: to oblige the British to go on record in interpreting the 'special powers' of the Governors so that British officials would be very reluctant to interfere with the work of Congress Ministries. On record they went—Governors, India Officials, Members of Parliament and finally the Viceroy. Although the original assurances demanded by the Congress could not be given, the duty of Governors to refrain from interference except in an emergency was emphasized.

In replacing the stop-gap minority Ministries in the six Provinces, the Congress can begin to carry out its ambitious plans for social reform. An early development, we believe, will be a rapid widening of the chasm that actually divides the conservative and radical wings of the Party. The last has not yet been heard from the dynamic Nehru.

CLASHES ALONG THE AMUR between Soviet and Japanese or Manchukuoan patrols have been frequent and will continue. There are two reasons for this situation: first, both sides of the long frontier must be watched by innumerable small patrols led by low-ranking or even non-commissioned officers; and second, the forces used for frontier-guard purposes are none too well disciplined and patrol-leaders are permitted an excessive amount of discretion. Even the Moscow press no

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longer lavishes its former praise on the *Pogranichniki*, or resident Soviet frontier guards. These clashes between the patrols are normally not dangerous, and may occur from time to time for years without creating an 'incident.' But their potential danger is great, since one may occur during a period of strain, or when one country is seeking a pretext for war.

The petty hostilities which recently occurred over the Amur islands gave rise to a step on the part of the Japanese Government that is, we believe, without a parallel in this century—the dispute was turned over to the Army for settlement. Simultaneously, an agreement was reached at Moscow between Litvinov and Ambassador Shigemitsu, and the military was relieved of its responsibility. We can not fail to note, however, that here was a confession—and a premature one—of the bankruptcy of Tokyo's diplomacy. The dangers in such a confession and such a course are obvious. Diplomats are trained, presumably, to secure a nation's interests by negotiation. Soldiers, on the other hand, are trained to fight and win wars; their minds are not prepared to find peaceful solutions, nor are they interested in seeking alternatives to action. In the case cited, Japan simply dispensed with formality and did openly what governments usually do in secret, namely, in asking the War Office: 'Are we ready? Can we win?'

JAPAN'S MILITARY LEADERS seem to have judged that Russia is still powerful, but that she has been temporarily immobilized by the purge in the Red Army. In this situation the Japanese generals found an opportunity to complete one of their self-imposed tasks—the acquisition of North China. For several months this region has been tense with anti-Japanese sentiment. Had Japan wished peace, the maneuvers which began late in June would have been postponed, or at least confined to a district where no clash with Chinese forces could occur. Instead, they were held almost under the walls of Peiping. We can not avoid a suspicion that the 'incident' of July 7th was invited by the Japanese command.

A crisis could not have been long delayed, however, because China's patriotism, sense of unity and confidence have grown astonishingly since the Sian-fu Affair last January. In ever louder voices the Chinese press and even Chinese statesmen have shouted their determination to resist Japanese aggression. They have called for Japan's retirement from North China, while the Japanese have been securing a military and economic stranglehold in the puppet State.

China is not yet ready to fight successfully against the Japanese. General Chiang Kai-shek knows this, but he must contend with a fanatically anti-Japanese press which has over-estimated the country's military strength.

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An eminent historian of Russia offers his verdict on the recent purges.

Crisis *in the* Kremlin

By Sir Bernard Pares

From the *Listener*
Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

I AM asked to throw what light I can on the sensational court-martial of distinguished Red Army generals and the purges which are now taking place in Russia. I am very diffident about discussing these subjects. In the previous notable trials—that of Zinoviev and that of Radek—the Soviet Government issued verbatim reports, and I did not speak at all till I had read them carefully. Presumbly, as this trial was a court-martial, we cannot expect to have such a report, and anyhow, the whole proceedings were limited to one day. The only definitely British correspondent of whom I know, who is resident in Moscow, in his dispatch stated that he was in no position to explain the background of this trial, and other news sources limited themselves to information about the careers of the shot men and to 'Polish conjectures' and the like. Personal details in such cases are the most difficult of all to unearth.

There is no doubt that the announcement of the trial and sentences and of the continued arrests has caused something like consternation in countries friendly to the Soviet Union. What confidence can the French feel at present in the soundness of the Red Army? Marshal Voroshilov had two principal assistants: one of them, Gamarnik, has committed suicide; the other, Marshal Tukhachevsky, has been shot as a traitor. Had Voroshilov no suspicions when he appointed them? And how has it come about that so many of the key posts have been entrusted for so long to men who were so lately recommended to our applause and are now discovered to be traitors? How can friends of Russia fail to feel deeply alarmed?

One thing is clear: profound changes are going on inside the country. I have long been convinced that there is a deep-rooted and many-sided conspiracy against the supremacy of Stalin, and even against his life. Reports that he is suffering from angina have been circumstantial enough to merit atten-

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tion; to explain everything by saying that he is mad is no explanation at all but a lazy way of dismissing the question. There are certainly enough indications of purpose on the two main issues involved in these events, and I shall deal with them in turn.

II

First, what of the relations between Russia and Germany? At least it will be useful to explain what has always been the background for an understanding of their relations. Germany has, and always has had from her geographical position, two alternative policies with regard to Russia. The first is peaceful penetration and even alliance; the second is war and conquest.

The first was pursued systematically from the time of that great economic revolution which began in Russia with the emancipation of the peasants in 1861. It was the policy of Bismarck. Even after it was complicated by the German championship of Austria-Hungary, it was pursued consistently and gave admirable results up to the time of the World War.

By declaring war on Russia, Germany herself spoiled everything that she had done. She constantly regretted this and was always trying to make a separate peace. No wonder, then, that after the tremendous humiliation of Versailles Germany again in every way sought the friendship of Russia; for in Russia also the two policies have always been in conflict. Both Powers were in different ways, so to speak, outlawed from Europe. The landmark of this reversion to the first policy was the Treaty of Rapallo.

Then, in 1933, Hitler became master of Germany with a policy already incorporated in his book, *Mein Kampf*, demanding the conquest of Russia and of neighboring eastern States. In other words, he repeated the colossal mistake of the Kaiser in 1914, and by so doing threw the Soviet Union into friendship with the democratic and peace-loving States, and induced her entry into the League of Nations. Not only that: the years of the first Five-Year-Plan, 1928 to 1933, had seen in Russia conditions resembling war between Government and people. It was imperative that the population should be sincerely interested in the defense not only of the country but of the régime. In a whole series of legislation of the first importance, Stalin set himself to adapt the régime further and further to the first instinctive and elementary requirements of the country, and in this he has had a very remarkable success.

Now in the Rapallo period there was certainly close coöperation between the General Staffs of Germany and Russia. One thing which seems to be admitted is that all the distinguished generals who have now been executed were at that time engaged in the consultation or coöperation of that period. With the advent of Hitler they were ordered to break these associations. They are accused of not having followed these instructions—Tukhachevsky has even been charged with handing over to his German colleagues the plan of defense of Czechoslovakia, with which he had been made acquainted owing to the new alliance of that country with Russia.

It must be added that there is evidence enough that the policy of friendship with Russia is still advocated by

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prominent representatives of the German Army, and Field-Marshal von Blomberg's name has often been mentioned in this connection. Other instances have been given in which military policy in Germany has run counter to what Hitler has declared to be his aims. As for these aims, Hitler has persistently avoided retracting in any way his claim to retain a free hand for conquest eastward. This is a commonplace of all the diplomatic exchanges of this period. The creed of the conquest of Russia is also enunciated in Dr. Rosenberg's textbook on the future of German foreign policy, and Britain is definitely called upon to accept this claim as the only alternative to restoring Germany's colonies to her.

I have long been familiar with this choice: 'We might let the Germans eat bear' has once been said by a prominent British politician. As one who has watched Russo-British relations for many years in the interests of his own country, I can only consider that such a choice would be ruinous to us. It might be well enough if our world interests were confined within the limits of Western Europe and, therefore, of a Western Pact; but there is still the British Commonwealth of Nations. There is still the road through the Mediterranean to India and Australia; there is still the close coöperation of Germany and Japan embodied in the recent so-called 'anti-Communist pact,' which has far more to do with territory than with Communism.

How far Tukhachevsky or the others went toward friendship with Germany, on present data we are entirely unable to judge. We may dismiss the tail-end of the accusations—restoration of landlordism in Russia, etc.—as a kind of formula which always seems to accompany such charges; but we are not in a position to suggest that there was no basis at all for the present trial. Suppose that Stalin really found himself confronted with a plot to establish a military dictatorship and to return to the military policy of friendship with Germany! It is not impossible.

III

Now let us briefly take the other side of the question. The Soviet hierarchy till the beginning of the present internal quarrels remained surprisingly unaltered. The solid nucleus of its authority was the political police, the Ogpu, which was tending to become more and more something like a State within a State. Stalin's later tendency, as is known, has been in the direction of democracy. He has quite recently conducted a complete reorganization of the Ogpu, and Russian opinion must have been as much surprised as that of other countries by the recent sensational disgrace of its powerful chief, Yagoda, who, like so many others, has now been denounced as a traitor and put on trial. In his place Stalin has set a man of his own—Yezhov. There were at one time indications that he was even confiding his personal security not to it, but to the Army. In the tension of his conflict with his enemies, he would be especially anxious that his own men were in control of the Army. It is his own new chief of the political police, Yezhov, who is now being congratulated on the discovery of the danger.

It is certainly clear that Stalin is smashing many of the bosses of the Communist Party. In the new Con-

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stitution, which has already been adopted and which makes a supreme national assembly the sovereign of Russia, one of the most important changes is the restoration of the ballot, which was, of course, used in all elections before the Communists came into power. Still more striking is the introduction of the ballot into the inner elections of the Communist Party itself.

Even during the purges Stalin has gone further with measures for the conciliation of the peasantry. It would seem that he certainly wishes to be regarded as its protector against the tyranny of local officials, whether of the Government or of the Party. Is he even—as we should say—throwing himself on the country? Certainly one of the principal charges of Trotski against him is that he is merging the Party in the country. Certainly he is leaning more on a new category which is described as non-Party Bolsheviks. We must continue to watch and form our own conclusions.

In the meanwhile we should limit ourselves to this: that a tremendous conflict is proceeding in Russia, and that Stalin feels himself to be mortally challenged; that he is not accepting the direction of friendship with Germany; and that he is continuing his appeal for the support of the country as a whole.

Whatever Gods May Be

General Hayashi, the former Premier, arrived at Yamada on Thursday morning and paid homage at the Grand Shrine to report his retirement from office to the spirit of the Sun Goddess.

—*Japan Chronicle*, Kobe

King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, as Prince and Princess of Wales, planted trees which have flourished. King George V, Queen Mary and the Princess Royal each planted trees now of sturdy growth. But not so Edward, Prince of Wales. His tree, planted twenty-six years ago, has only grown 6 feet and is sickly. This is regarded as of ill-omen today.

—*Sunday Pictorial*, London

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Tales of terror, famine and defiance are coming out of Italy's new empire.

Defiant Ethiopia

By LADISLAS FARAGO

From *South Pacific Mail*
Valparaiso (Chile) English-Language Weekly

ITALY will probably be forced to abandon Ethiopia. That is the opinion of impartial French observers here in Jibuti.

Ethiopia is a completely closed country. No journalist or traveler who is not a Fascist or on official business may cross the frontier. There are three principal reasons for this exclusion of foreigners: first, the country is in a state of chaos; second, the country is far less safe for white travelers than ever it was in the days of Menelik or Haile Selassie; and third, famine is widespread.

In Douanle, a tiny town on the frontier, I met several Ethiopian friends. They had fled across the frontier and were waiting for a train to take them to Jibuti. Each train brings a considerable number of fugitives and of foreigners who have been expelled. It also brings news from the isolated country.

I inquired after a few prominent Ethiopians. 'Where is Blatta Kidane?' I asked.

'He was taken to Asmara and executed,' was the answer.

'What happened to Ato Markos?'

'Killed.'

'And Tadessa Mashesha?'

'Killed.'

Only two of my old friends are still alive. One is Ato Worku, who was in charge of the wireless station at Addis Ababa during the war, and even then was in the pay of the Italians. Today he is still working as an Italian agent. The other is Blatta Taklu, formerly Mayor of Addis Ababa. He managed to escape and is now commanding a band of Ethiopian regulars in the south.

Only three of the Rases are still alive. Ras Seyoum is in Adowa, under constant guard. Ras Gugsa, who deserted to the Italians, is in Makale. Ras Hailu, who rebeled against Haile Selassie in 1932, and was imprisoned on an island in Lake Zwai until released by the Italians, is in Addis Ababa.

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The Italians said that Ras Hailu had been maltreated while in prison. They said his legs had been broken, and that he was a cripple. The truth is that he is in the best of health. He is as strong and active after his imprisonment as ever before. He is constantly watched by the Italians. Nevertheless he is still the last hope of the Ethiopians.

They believe that eventually he will overwhelm the Italians. In contrast with the studious Haile Selassie he is a reckless man of action and full of ambition.

He wishes to become King of Ethiopia over the dead bodies of the Italians. Even as he bows his homage to Marshal Graziani he is planning to drive the Marshal's forces out of the country.

I learn from a most reliable source that Marshal Graziani cannot be held responsible for the sad events in Ethiopia. He has always tried to use humane methods toward the conquered people, but he received orders from Rome to be as ruthless as possible. It is said that when De Bono received his orders from Mussolini, he asked the Duce, 'Do you want Ethiopia with or without the Ethiopians?' Marshal Graziani, on the other hand, respects the Ethiopian Chiefs who fought against him.

When Ras Imru was taken prisoner, Rome ordered his immediate execution. Marshal Graziani refused to obey this order. 'Ras Imru is a prisoner of war,' he said, 'and his bravery entitles him to the honors of war. He fought us honestly until he could fight no more.'

Then Rome ordered that the Ras should be sent to Italy. He is now officially in exile on Lipari, but I am able to reveal that actually he is dead.

When Marshal Graziani sent a force against Ras Desta, he said to his friends, 'I hope the poor devil manages to escape into Kenya.' Ras Desta did not try to escape. He stood his ground and gave battle. He was defeated, taken prisoner and executed on the spot. When he arrived in Addis Ababa, it was in a coffin. Although the Ethiopians regret the death of Ras Desta, they agree that he got his just reward. Right up to the end of the campaign he tried to profiteer. When he received ammunition from Addis Ababa, he sold it to his soldiers. Those who had no money received no ammunition.

II

Italy claims that Ethiopia has been conquered. This is not true. The Italians control the towns and the areas around the towns. The rest of the country is uncontrolled. Only twenty miles from Dessye a strong Ethiopian force commands the main road from Asmara to Addis Ababa. No Italian vehicle can pass.

All over the country bands of native irregulars, sometimes only fifty strong, are harassing the Italians. The 'conquerors' can only move in large forces, accompanied by tanks and armored cars, through country previously reconnoitered by airplanes. I learn from a well-informed source that more Italians have been killed since the war officially ended than were killed during the war itself.

New troops are constantly arriving in Ethiopia. These reinforcements consist mostly of older men. As the roads from Eritrea and Italian Somaliland are unsafe, these troops must

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pass through French Somaliland. The French Government has refused permission for troops to pass through. The Italians therefore describe their reinforcements as 'laborers.' They arrive in Jibuti armed with spades and picks. Once in Ethiopia these spades and picks are replaced by rifles.

I saw an Italian troop-ship arrive in Jibuti with insufficient spades for the 'laborers' on board. An officer came ashore and began frantically to buy spades. The price soared immediately. After half an hour a rusty, almost useless garden spade was worth a fabulous sum.

Each troop-ship brings about 1,500 fresh Italian troops. They are immediately put on board a train for the interior. These troops are rapidly ruining the native's respect for white men in this part of the world. Europeans formerly traveled only first-class on the Jibuti-Addis Ababa railway. The Italian 'conquerors' are packed in cattle cars, forty men in each. An Ethiopian in Douanle exclaimed to me: 'Even camels are better provided for.'

The railway is taxed to capacity with the transport of these troops. Goods and stores cannot be carried. On the docks are thousands of carloads of stores waiting for trains to take them into Ethiopia. An official of the railway in Jibuti told me it would take eight months to transport these stores. They consist largely of perishable goods. By that time they will be useless.

The Italians are feverishly building an *autostrada* from Assab, but the work is progressing very slowly. It is to be a 30-foot concrete road, 225 miles long, across the Danakil Desert. At present only 7½ miles have been built at a cost of over $84,000 a mile.

Ethiopia is shut off from the outside world, and famine is sweeping the country. For two years during the war the crops were neglected. For two years most of them were left to rot. The peasants refuse to work in the regions occupied by the Italians. They are afraid to bring their products to the markets in the towns. A small expedition was sent out from Addis Ababa to requisition foodstuffs. It was attacked and annihilated. Not a man returned to Addis Ababa.

The prices of foodstuffs are soaring. They are already higher than in Italy, and are rising daily. Italian agents are frantically buying foodstuffs in all the Red Sea countries. Hundreds of *dhows* bring food to Italian harbors. There it lies rotting. There is no transport available to take it to the interior.

Italian troops who have been relieved return to Italy *via* Jibuti. They arrive in cattle cars, thin-faced, sunken-eyed, unshaven. Outside the station natives are waiting with bread and vegetables. The food is snatched from their hands by the Italians who admit that they have been short of food for weeks.

Even the natives in Ethiopia have little to eat. Already they are dying by the thousands from starvation. In the towns they eat rats and any offal they can find. The markets are either deserted, or the prices are too high for them. Only a few can pay the exorbitant prices demanded for food. Driven to desperation by hunger, the natives are forming small bands to attack caravans. Sometimes they even break into the homes of Europeans in search of food.

Italians often join these looting

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bands to snatch a little food in excess of the paltry rations. The Italian authorities seem powerless to stop them.

The official currency of Ethiopia is now the lira, but the natives refuse to deal in lire. They use only the Maria Theresa dollars, which the Italians have forbidden. The banks refuse to change them. There is a complete deadlock and trade is at a standstill.

The peasants who still have foodstuffs to sell and would be willing to come to market steadfastly refuse to sell their goods for lire. They hide their food in underground caches where the Italians cannot find it.

In spite of all official denials and communiqués one thing is certain. Ethiopia is in a state of chaos. A situation has arisen with which the Italians seem to be powerless to deal.

In official French circles in Jibuti the events in Ethiopia are being followed with great anxiety. They fear that a complete collapse of Italian authority in Ethiopia cannot long be delayed.

In that case Italian authority would be replaced by anarchy, terror and complete lawlessness.

Twenty Years Ago

The English regard the idea of English world power as a matter of fact, and they will not grant us anything of what we ask for. We cannot rest until England grants us our right in the world. . . . If England refuses us this, no understanding with her is possible, peace can be nothing more than a truce and we must aim at securing all advantages for a new war, which would then be inevitable and which would lead to the downfall not only of British world dominion, but of the British Empire.
—A. Hettner, in *Der Friede und die Deutsche Zukunft*, 1917

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A visit to Hitler's fortress-chalet; a Swiss survey of the state of German letters today; and a Nazi editor's views on the relations of Germany and France.

Among *the* Nazis

I. Hitler's Hiding Place

By Sydney Morrell

From the *Sunday Express*, London Independent Conservative Weekly

DURING the recent crises in Europe Hitler has remained secluded in his chalet, 3,000 feet up in the Bavarian Alps. His Press chiefs, his military advisers, his foreign experts, his Ambassador in London, Herr von Ribbentrop, have all paid visits there.

In this remote chalet Hitler has evolved his policy. From this chalet he has dictated it to Europe. Not long ago the only industry of the little town of Berchtesgaden was toy-making. Today it has become the real capital of Germany.

What is this mountain chalet at Berchtesgaden like?

From the few official photographs that are allowed to be published, nearly all Germany—outside Berchtesgaden—and most people outside Germany believe it to be a small residence in which Hitler with a few picked friends can find peace and solitude, a simple refuge from the daily grind of routine work and social activity in Berlin—both of which Hitler hates.

Once, indeed, it was little more than a small mountain hut, suitable only for a man of simple means. Here it was that Hitler came when he was released from prison in 1924 after the Munich *putsch*. Here, looking down upon Salzburg in his native Austria, he wrote many chapters of his book *Mein Kampf*.

Actually, the Berghof, as Hitler has named his mountain home, has undergone a remarkable transformation in the last year. Today the Berghof is no longer a mountain hut. It has become a palatial mansion, able to accommodate not merely a couple of guests but forty or more, if need be, in large bedrooms, sumptuously furnished as in a luxury hotel.

Outside, the appearance has changed to that of an ultra-modern mansion,

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white-washed all over, with clean-cut lines and spacious modern windows.

The little mountain road has disappeared. In its place has been built a broad, speedy highway connecting the Berghof with Munich, 120 miles away. Just off this highway, close to the Berghof, is a new airfield. A special building has been erected to house a branch of the Reich Chancellery. New homes have been built for the staff of officials. Barracks have just been finished for Hitler's private bodyguard of black-shirted *Schutzstaffel* men. And wings have been added to the Berghof for Hitler's personal secretarial staff.

The whole building consists of two stories, with a wooden balcony, with flower-boxes all along the railings running around the place outside the bedrooms. There is an internal telephone system with a telephone in every room. One button is labeled simply *Der Führer*. In theory, any guest can speak to Hitler at any moment. In fact, of course, it is not quite so simple. Hitler's rooms are strictly separate in a wing of their own, so that in his mountain home he can remain completely aloof if he wishes to do so. And usually he does.

At first, when the Berghof was still a simple mountain chalet, Hitler had as housekeeper his widowed sister, Frau Angela Raubal. Some time ago, however, Frau Raubal married a Dresden professor, Dr. Martin Hammizsch, and she is gone. The service of the Berghof now is completely in the hands of white-clad stewards—efficient, self-effacing and ubiquitous.

Apart from the luxury inside, the Berghof has become, without most people knowing it, an impenetrable fortress. At one time it lay directly on the road. The road has been diverted 200 yards away and made to dip and bend in such a manner that only a small corner of the mansion is ever visible from it. The entire mountainside for about eight square miles has been fenced in with electrified wire eight feet high, with five strands of barbed wire on top.

Inside this estate are other chalets of Nazi leaders, including that of General Göring, which is higher up the mountain. Everything else that used to be on this mountainside—scores of peasants' homes and a children's sanatorium—has been removed. Dotted here and there in the wooded landscape are little turrets, which look quaint, romantic and very Bavarian. Actually they are 'pill-boxes'—defense posts for the bodyguards, and are fortified by machine-guns.

On the roadside, also built in the Bavarian style, is a log cabin. This guards the heavy gates leading to the estate, and from it the sentries have a commanding view of all the curves of the approaching road. On the sides of all the mountains for miles around the Berghof have been stationed anti-aircraft guns, which would be able to put up such a concentrated barrage that any enemy airplane would be brought down. To make doubly certain of the Führer's safety, bomb and gas proof cellars have been built deep under the Berghof in the mountainside.

II

The secret police has given special attention to Berchtesgaden, and the little toy town has been repeatedly 'cleansed of undesirable elements.' Every hotel has a list of questions which are far more searching than in any other part of Germany. Tourists

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have to answer them all. There are peasants, shopkeepers, porters, waiters who, strangely, do not speak German with the local soft round Bavarian dialect. They watch strangers closely.

No one may walk or drive along the road towards the Berghof without a special permit, and no motor-cars are allowed to stop on the road. And the road is always cleared when one of the fast four-wheel-drive cars from the Berghof brings some special guest from Munich. Three hours is the average time for this journey; the train takes at least three and a half hours.

These special cars, which have been built for safe and speedy travel in all kinds of weather, are housed in special garages which have been built into the mountainside below the Berghof. Above this basement, level with the rising ground at the back of the mansion, are the central hall and other social rooms. It was in these luxuriously furnished apartments that Hitler received Lloyd George and Italy's Foreign Minister, Count Ciano. On this floor also is the lofty dining room, which opens on to a spacious balcony.

The second floor is entirely taken up by the bedrooms. Masses of flowers are in every room, contrasting strikingly with the woodwork, stained dark brown in the Bavarian style.

In the hanging pine forests of his great estate Hitler has come more and more to formulate his policy in informal walks and talks. His days are as simple as his diet—he is a vegetarian and does not drink or smoke—a walk in the morning, then official business, an afternoon devoted to his favorite hobby, architecture, and an evening around the fireside with his guests, when he feels inclined that way.

In architecture Hitler seeks ambitiously to perpetuate himself and his epoch in the great modern buildings of Germany. In the music and singing of the evenings he personally finds his greatest satisfaction.

Children from Berchtesgaden are frequently brought up for tea and cakes, to be photographed with the Leader patting their heads. But the belief that Hitler goes to Berchtesgaden to mix with his own kind of people once more no longer has any basis in fact. The people of the little town rarely see their Leader, although they know and have heard enough of the Berghof to become conscious of their possible destiny as the nation's emergency capital if Germany should ever again be fighting for her existence.

And Hitler, ruling Germany from his mountain top in Bavaria, is as remote and inaccessible as a Grand Lama on a peak of the Himalayas.

II. The Plight of the German Writer

Translated from the *Neue Schweizer Rundschau*, Zurich Literary Monthly

NATIONAL Socialist theorists lay special emphasis on the difference between their movement and dictatorship. They argue that while dictatorship is inflexible, the Nazi Movement is a constantly evolving self-government of the People, which voluntarily and gratefully confers upon its Führer each day anew the right to speak in its name. The Leader Principle, they say,

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is simply an expression of the will of the community, of the People.

We know that in practice the Party bureaucracy gives the lie to this theory, but it is true that the idea of voluntary submission to a democratically-elected Führer is being upheld in legislation. The new German State knows no 'dictatorial' decrees in art and science; its leaders constantly stress the freedom that prevails in those fields. The State merely reserves the right to crush any element which does not of its own accord obey the will of the community—which fails, in other words, to recognize that the German people professes the National Socialist *Weltanschauung* or outlook.

Now when National Socialism ceased to set itself up as a purely political doctrine and aspired to be a *Weltanschauung*, the question naturally arose as to what were the concepts of life and the world which the State was to represent, protect and promote. This was the crucial point where revolution had to be reconciled with tradition. The only criteria which have been established are the slogans which were adopted during the period of struggle, mostly negative demands; apart from them the State is content to bring up the new generation in the Nazi spirit and to uproot the remnants of liberalism. Recognizing that there is today almost no creative art, the leaders speak of 'beginnings to be sensed everywhere,' and maintain that a 'new art' is being slowly but surely molded from within.

In theory, the writer in present-day Germany is much less fettered than he would be under a dictatorship: there is no censorship, no official coercion, no pressure, no general oath of allegiance to Hitler. The pretense of freedom is upheld. The writer is merely required to be a member of the Reich Chamber of Culture and membership is easy to obtain. Many former Democrats and Socialists have been admitted. Membership confers the privilege of practicing the profession of writing; the writer may write as he pleases—as long as he does not express ideas which are openly hostile to the State. The publisher is likewise free to print the manuscript of any author who belongs to the Chamber of Culture, and the bookseller may purchase and feature what he pleases. So, according to the Führer, 'Art is free.'

II

But National Socialism is a *Weltanschauung* in the making, and so few basic principles have as yet been established that not even its creators can always determine whether an opinion is National Socialist or not. For example: a National Socialist maxim states that there is no objective science. Hence Ranke's old question, 'What really happened?' may no longer be posed. In its stead there is the new question, 'What relationship does any given historical event or personage bear to National Socialism?' Men and epochs must suddenly and arbitrarily be sanctified or condemned according to whether they are interpreted favorably or unfavorably to National Socialism. It follows that there is a virtual absence of historical analysis even of German tradition. The attempts to reconcile the past with the present fail time and again; that is why the fields of early German and Party history are the two main subjects of official treatment. But in between there lie a thousand years of

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history which is most dangerous to the National Socialist *Weltanschauung*.

It is exactly this millennium which belongs to the writer who is interested neither in the ancient Teutons nor in the Nazi struggle for power, but in the past and the present, in the Germans and German scenes. In writing about them he exposes himself daily to the danger of defying National Socialist doctrine. The State guarantees freedom, but it is careful to examine to what extent a literary work meets State aims. And for this purpose there are 'Authorities!' They disclaim any 'censorship' and they have no political power. They act in an 'advisory' capacity. These boards 'recommend' or 'discourage,' issue 'credentials' and 'warnings' in the *Gutachtenanzeiger*, their official bulletin of testimonials. Every published work must pass through this purgatory of official scrutiny.

Once a publisher has satisfied himself that his author is a member of the Reich Chamber of Culture, he can send the manuscript to press without submitting it to any censor, for only works that deal with the Party and its policies require the approval of the Chief of the Reich Chancellery. Not until the book is in print do the 'Authorities' begin to function. An investigation is immediately made as to the writer's 'record,' whether 'undesirable' ideas are put forward, whether the work is 'assimilable by the Movement and the Nation.' Even when the greatest efforts fail to unearth any ideological objections, the danger of rejection on 'objective and artistic' grounds by one of the many 'Authorities' is great. At last an 'official statement' is issued. Designation as 'undesirable' prevents many bookshops from distributing the books. Thus the sale of a book is largely dependent on the official statement, and this, of course, paralyzes the initiative of private publishers who fear possible losses and wish to avoid warnings and fines.

All this is in harmony with the official 'Kultur' policy: the author is forced into the Party and the Chamber; he is free, but obstacles and traps are placed in his path. He may be a Nazi beyond reproach; but if for some reason or other an official agency suddenly denounces his work as unacceptable, he will have to spend much valuable time in 'fixing his case.' There is a spirited rivalry between the various 'Authorities:' praise from one will be counteracted by condemnation from another. The incompetence of the judges, mostly young students barely out of the university, completes the chaos.

Many a book comes to grief through the verdict of the 'Reich Department for the Promotion of German Literature,' of which Alfred Rosenberg is head. The opinions of its nine hundred readers about manuscripts and new books are issued to the publishers for a fee and are later printed in the monthly *Bücherkunde*.

Another hurdle which the author must clear is the magazine *Buch und Volk*. It is published by the Börsenverein Deutscher Buchhändler (The Guild of German Booksellers), an old organization whose real function is the regulation of book distribution and whose new president also functions as a judge. As this trade organ reaches every bookseller, an adverse verdict in *Buch und Volk* has disastrous consequences for the sale of any work. In addition there are 'official' organs of

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lending libraries, book dealers, librarians, the Strength-Through-Joy Movement and countless others. And everywhere there are 'expert opinions,' 'reports' and 'reviews,' which either 'recommend' or 'reject' books. A rejection does not invariably seal a book's fate; sometimes even a negative classification in Rosenberg's bulletin does no harm and the reading public decides against the official verdict. In most cases, however, an official condemnation is the beginning of more serious trouble.

Nor does this complete the thorny path of a German author. Anonymous letters written by personal enemies are the least of these dangers; but since last year the *Schwarze Korps*, the organ of Herr Himmler, Chief of the Special Guards and head of the Gestapo, has assumed a commanding position in this field. A denunciation in this paper spells the doom of any book or article, even if it has successfully run the gauntlet of other agencies.

III

It cannot be repeated often enough that the sharp division of German writers into 'Fascists' and 'Enemies of the State' which is sometimes made outside the Reich, is utterly false. Hitler holds the power. That is the brutal and primitive fact, and everyone must make the best of it. Whoever is a German citizen must obey the laws whether he likes them or not. Yet it is almost impossible to decide from printed works whether an author is 'a hundred-per-center,' or whether he suppresses his objections and his opposition because he wants to live in Germany, hopes for an early change in the course of 'Kultur' policy and prefers to write books which are barely 'acceptable' rather than run the risk of being suddenly damned as 'undesirable.'

Uncertainty as to what is 'acceptable' and what 'undesirable,' the economic distress among the poorly paid writers and the general narrowing of the perspective (the foreign exchange laws make travel abroad all but impossible)—all these factors have seriously impaired the quality of Germany's literary output. But there still are serious writers, who work with a true sense of artistic responsibility despite the twofold danger of being denounced as 'intellectuals' in Germany and as 'Fascists' abroad. The truth is that, except for the 'Authorities,' no one cares whether the author of a book is a Party member or what his attitude is toward National Socialism.

The Party people have preëmpted certain subjects for their own exclusive domain. The free-lance, whose writings appear outside the Eher-Verlag and other 'semi-official' publishing houses, takes pains to avoid them. Among these subjects are ancient German history and tradition, the early Party struggles and Nazi heroes like Richard Wagner, Friedrich List, Herder, Lagarde and Chamberlain. It is also dangerous to choose 'border-line cases' like Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, Frederick the Great, Bismarck and Nietzsche. But historical characters who have no place on the official list may be truthfully and scientifically depicted. It is significant that no objection was raised against Duff Cooper's biography of Talleyrand, although this book strikes directly at some of the main Nazi concepts—a fact which may account for its amazing popularity.

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The anxiety to maintain the prestige of official Party heroes and the consequent lack of interest in other historical figures has stimulated a boom in biographies. Books about the great men of the past remain unmolested, even though the authors have applied more or less 'old' methods. German readers turn eagerly to these books because they like to discover parallels to the present, even where the author did not intend them. Thus a number of excellent biographies and historical works have appeared in Germany. These, and some strictly historical essays, have found an amazing response from those who read Thomas Mann and Wells before the Nazi revolution.

There seems to be a tacit understanding that the works of men like Kolbenheyer, Hans Grimm, Wilhelm Schäfer, Emil Strauss, Heinrich Wolfgang Seidel and Rudolf G. Binding, who were regarded as representative of nationalist or monarchical ideas during the Weimar régime, are to be considered 'desirable' without examining their position in detail. They are acclaimed today as truly German writers, and with some justification, since they are trying to carry on a significant tradition. But the overzealous critic must beware of scrutinizing their books for the National-Socialist *Weltanschauung*. He would deprive the Examining Commissions of the last chance to 'recommend' men of broad reputation as truly German.

IV

It is undeniable that the efforts of the Party to identify traditional German thought and art with the National Socialist *Weltanschauung* have failed. The creative minds remain outside. This is not always true in a political sense. Many writers sincerely believe in Hitler. Others look with pride upon a rearmed Germany and praise the German régime for this accomplishment; or they find satisfaction in the internal peace with which the Nazi State has replaced party strife. Yet many hide their disgust and contempt only with great effort.

As artists they stand one and all beyond the welter of phrases about the new *Weltanschauung*. As soon as they set to work there is danger of a clash with the 'Authorities.' That is the sole reason why they seek subjects which appear as innocuous as possible. Hence the profusion of childhood memories which have appeared on the book market. Many of them are weak and fall into the field of psychiatry rather than art. Hans Carossa's horde of disciples, for example, might better have kept silent. But three books of strange beauty and genuine creative power must be noted: *Aus Kindheit und Jugend* by R. A. Schröder; *Das Verlorene Haus* by Emil Barth and *Buch Einer Kindheit* by Wilhelm Hausenstein. The most recent success in this field was scored by Ernst Wiechert with his *Wälder und Menschen*. Wiechert was one of the fiercest opponents of the Weimar régime and by all signs was destined to become a poet of the Third Reich. But speaking to students of the University of Munich, he advised German youth not to exhaust its strength prematurely, not to waste its State-endowed power, to respect maturity and to remember that creativeness springs from solitude. These speeches have passed from hand to hand in typewritten copy throughout Germany, creating a deep impression.

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They contain no open opposition, merely a subtly expressed dissatisfaction. Yet, as a result Wiechert was denounced as 'undesirable.' It is probably for this reason that the sale of *Wälder und Menschen* has risen to 30,000 copies, amazing for a book that contains nothing but the undistinguished childhood memories of a non-political writer.

V

The State is thus forced at times to tolerate a type of art which does not conform to its doctrines. The reason is obvious: National Socialism as a principle of government is well-rounded, but it has utterly failed in laying an ideological foundation for a cultural policy. It is constantly compelled to contradict itself: its revolutionary branch must reject Goethe as a 'liberal' or as an 'individualist;' the traditionalist branch, on the other hand, which always insists that Hitler has restored Germany's past to its place of honor after years of 'Nigger Culture,' idolize him in *Goethe im Braunhemd* (Goethe in a Brown Shirt), and *Goethe im Lichte neuen Werdens* (Goethe in the Light of the Resurgence), books so inferior that even the official bulletin rejects them as 'opportunistic' and 'undesirable.'

The serious writers, who are forced to avoid the discussion of any present-day problems, suffer from this dilemma, but they keep on working. Hampered in the choice of their subjects and faced with countless annoyances, they strive to fulfill their task as before. Creative writing has become as much a question of nerve and courage as of talent. Some authors may bury their manuscripts in their desks year after year not daring to publish them; yet serious books continue to appear. We may mention a few authors who ignore the 'Blood and Soil' idea with its uncritical glorification of the peasant. However, they are not 'secret enemies of the system.' Some of them may be wholehearted followers of Hitler, others may be irreconcilable opponents; one and all they are artists trying to serve German writing and knowing only too well that the present policy limits the choice of their subject and their very means of expression. Among them Ludwig Tügel, Friedrich Bischoff, Johannes Lincke, Hans Franck, Karl Benno von Mechow and, above all, Alma Holgersen come to mind.

Then there is Erik Reger, an editor from the Ruhr district, who in earlier books presented excellent studies of the industrial region. There is Joseph Wiessalla, whose *Empörer* tells of the upper-Silesian farmers after the abolition of serfdom; and Elizabeth Langgässer, whose latest novel depicts the Rhineland of the post-War period. In *Die Sterbende Kirche* Edzard H. Schaper describes the desperate struggle of an orthodox Russian community in the Baltic. It is a tribute to the power of the Christian faith in our times. This book certainly proves that the common differentiation between Fascists and anti-Fascists does not apply to German writers. It supports the official view of Bolshevism, but is distasteful to the German Faith Movement.

One of the strangest phenomena in German literature of today is the significance of the problem of the generations. Three age groups face each other sharply: the 'front' generation which

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consciously lived through the pre-War period and whose decisive experience was the War; that which awakened to the world only in post-War times; and the interim generation born between 1900 to 1905, which includes some of the most promising talent and which is but sparsely represented in the leadership of the Party. In a number of novels the last group has exerted a powerful influence because of its repudiation of all tradition. Examples are Wolfgang Koeppen's *Die Mauer Schwankt* (The Wall Topples) and Gerhart Pohl's *Brüder Wagemann.* Pohl explains the escape from the parental education into the 'Youth Movement' as the destiny of his generation.

Peter Stühlen attempts to give the story of three generations in a broadly conceived trilogy, *Eltern und Kinder.* A more mature author, Editha Klipstein, tries to deal historically with the pre-War years in *Anna Linde,* an intelligent picture of a woman who, about 1900, escapes from the family into a profession and fails. But her book seems to be an exception. The more talented among the writers over forty remain silent, like Arnold Ulitz, or play with light novels, like Otto Flake or Walther von Hollander who wrote one of the best descriptions of post-War Germany in *Die Schattenfänger* (Fever House). His case is similar to that of the over-estimated Hans Fallada, whose first book *Bauern, Bonzen, Bomben* (Peasants, Bosses, Bombs) was a deeply revealing account of German evolution while his later novels are little better than shallow glorifications of the petty bourgeoisie. The only superior epic writer of the older generation is Max René Hesse with his great canvas of the 'eternal German,' the dreamer and physician *Dr. Morath.*

We have attempted to give a glimpse of the efforts made by serious writers in Germany to save their art from slogans. One cannot dismiss them by simply recording their positive or negative attitude toward the present régime. All shades of attitude from approval to downright hatred may be represented among them. All of them, however, are unanimous in denying that art can be created by Party doctrine.

In the struggle between ideology and reality the former can never win. The Nazi State has been unable to coördinate 'creative art.' Its most faithful champions, like Jünger, Bertram, Benn, Kolbenheyer, Wiechert and Grimm have failed to become standard-bearers of National Socialist art; they stand aloof, for art and totalitarianism are antagonistic. Despite its tribulations, German art remains alive.

III. France Must Decide!

By Rudolf Kircher

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* German Coördinated Daily

FRANCO-GERMAN relations have undoubtedly taken a new turn since France's post-War hegemony on the Continent came to an end and with it the repression of Germany. Many Frenchmen find it hard to accustom

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themselves to this situation. But one important factor should make it easier. As soon as Germany had grown strong again and had achieved equality, she demonstrated that she would make no further claims of France, at least of a territorial nature. There will be no German attempt to turn the tables.

The symptoms of this new turn, or the possibility of making a turning point of recent developments, are apparent in the binding statements of Adolf Hitler and in his readiness to renew the Locarno guarantees in a form better adapted to the changed circumstances. It is no less important that Anglo-French agreements in regard to security in Western Europe seem to have reached a climax and that a rapprochement between France and Germany is strongly desired by the British Government. This reconciliation should naturally include an understanding about the aims of our two countries in Europe, especially in the East. Such an understanding should be possible since it is not Germany's intention to replace the French hegemony with her own.

There is little use in engaging in a controversy as to whether France or Germany is to blame for the lack of progress in this direction. Barthou's 'No' in regard to disarmament, and the Soviet Pact are realities to us Germans, and no one will be able to convince us that they are meaningless or unimportant. The French will probably stick to their own arguments with the same stubbornness. The main point, therefore, is to create a new basis that both sides can accept. It may be questioned as to whether Mr. Delbos is well advised in emphasizing the importance of the Soviet Pact in every one of his speeches. His reasons are less important to us than the fact itself, even though he adds that no extension of the arrangements between Paris and Moscow is contemplated. Were they to be extended, we might as well abandon all efforts to strengthen European peace.

II

Where then should we look for this 'new basis?' Whoever desires to create it need only take up the numerous constructive suggestions which our Führer has so often publicly made. There are treasures under the surface of European politics merely waiting to be tapped. Why does no one dig for them? There must be some reason, and we believe we know where to look for it—toward the East. French policy in that quarter has stagnated since the War and the resulting settlement. That is the reason for France's alliances and for the strange fact that French diplomacy, while always emphasizing the importance *per se* of a Franco-German non-aggression pact, invariably tries to link it with the problems of Eastern Europe. Can France free herself from this pattern? And under what conditions will she do so?

If Germany had any intention of supplanting the French pattern with her own, diplomatic coöperation could hardly be expected. But in the East, as well as in the West, the question is not one of replacing French hegemony with German, but rather one of seeking a mutual understanding for the needs of all concerned.

The Reich seeks no conquests in Eastern Europe. Thus France is not confronted with the necessity of fulfilling any treaty obligations—if her

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pacts really mean what they say. But Germany can hardly commit herself as long as she is threatened by this network of alliances. Nor has the German Government any intention of relieving those who are responsible for the various peace treaties in Eastern Europe—and who have, indeed, no reason to be proud of their handiwork—of one iota of their responsibility. The distrustful French and English interpret this as proof of German reservations. According to their reproachful slogan we desire a 'Free Hand in the East,' to which we might reply that there are many 'free hands' in the world and few of them that are not in somebody else's pocket.

Germany's refusal to be shackled by France does not mean that Germany is about to attempt a coup. But this suspicion has become the key to the entire East European, if not the entire European, policy. That is why no progress has been achieved. One needs only to whisper 'Western Pact' and all the Eastern spectres are immediately conjured up. One needs only to utter the words 'raw materials' or 'economic relations' and one is immediately confronted with the question: 'What are Germany's intentions in the East?'

Doubts about Germany's peaceful intentions arise mainly in connection with the Eastern problem. Yet we may ask if any suggestions have ever been put forward for an Eastern settlement apart from the stereotyped 'Eastern Pact?' Only distrust and suspicion have so far been revealed. Whatever has been done for reassurance and improvement has been done by Germany herself, that is to say, by the National Socialist Government. It was the German Government that concluded the pact with Poland, that has come to an understanding with Austria. The success of this policy of stabilization has always been dependent on whether the Eastern State in question was more inclined to entrust itself blindly to France as an armed ally, or whether it realized the usefulness of a rapprochement with Germany (or any other neighbor). Every time any such attempt has been made, France became increasingly nervous because she realized that these States acted according to their own judgment in a manner that France should have recommended to them long ago. All this nervousness would have been unnecessary if the peacemaking came as a result of an understanding between Germany and France.

III

Interest has been focused more and more on that State which has been in the most difficult position politically since the Versailles Treaty, and which because of that treaty alone is so dependent on its prominent German neighbor, namely, Czechoslovakia. Formerly Belgium held the key position in Europe; today it is Czechoslovakia. Apprehensions for the future of this country are the most important, if not the sole, obstacle to a thoroughgoing Franco-German rapprochement. It is absurd—but it is so, and the world is beginning to realize it. In certain other questions where matters did not go quite as Paris wanted—in the Balkans, for instance—there were reasons for annoyance, even for a certain amount of rivalry. The Czechoslovak State, however, is of far greater significance. Mr. Benes, its President and former Foreign

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Minister, cleaves to France, and France cleaves to Mr. Benes. This man, whose efforts for the welfare of his country must not be under-estimated, has personified up to now a program which has gravely disturbed the very basis of European peace. It has had a malign influence on the relations between Germany and Czechoslovakia on the one hand, and on those between France and Germany on the other. We say that not to accuse Mr. Benes but merely in order to account for the actual, and unfortunate, state of affairs.

As long as French policy regards Czechoslovakia not merely as an ally but as one in danger (and partly on account of Germany), there is reason for confidence, because Czechoslovakia has by no means been excepted when Adolf Hitler declared his willingness to conclude non-aggression pacts with all his neighbors. But it is equally well known that every German's opinion about Czechoslovakia is partly influenced by the position in which millions of people of German extraction have been placed by their Czechoslovak rulers. Their fate cannot leave us unaffected. All that was necessary to poison the relations of Germany with this new Eastern State from the beginning, to tie it to France and turn it against Germany was exactly what the Allies did in the first flush of their victory. All they had to do was to press the German minority into the pitiful rôle in which it still finds itself, instead of making it a supporter and guarantor of friendly relations with Germany.

The decisive question, therefore, is addressed to Prague as well as to Paris. An honest word from Paris should not leave Mr. Benes indifferent. If France should fail and Czechoslovakia as well, then the old complaint that Czechoslovakia is threatened by Germany will not only lack any objective basis (it is lacking in any case) but also any moral one. The Czechoslovak problem is certainly not the only one that determines Germany's relations to France; but we are convinced that it is the most important one. Salvation lies not in formulas but in policy. All a Franco-German understanding really means is no more than an agreement on the main points of their policy. It should be possible to achieve such an understanding.

'Germany cannot remain forever on tiptoe; she must either take off or come down again to earth.'

—J. W. Eaton in *Queen's Quarterly*, Canada

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We offer an unusual story about life and death among the Philippine peons.

The Beetle

By Consorcio Borje

From the *Philippine Magazine*
Independent English-Language Magazine

LEAVING for the rice fields of Don Tinoso that morning, her mother had said, 'Gela, my child, keep watch until I return. For your lunch, there is the left-over rice and the fish stew in the kitchen.'

That morning and afternoon, Angela played house in the front yard. The front yard is a square patch of violent-red earth, with a bamboo fence around it to keep out the neighbors' pigs. Some mud in a can represented cooking rice, a few santol leaves served as vegetables.

It is now late afternoon and Mother has not yet come home. The chickens are already going to roost under the house, and men and women are coming up the road, their feet caked with mud, and on their broad anahaw-leaf hats are bundles of fragrant, newly-harvested rice.

Gela squats on the ground, digging her big toes into the fine mud made by the rain. The men and the women glance at her.

'Look at the daughter of Nana Sibbi, widow of Cuan, may the priest see his soul to heaven.'

'How quiet the child is! What a good child!'

'Has your mother come home yet, Gela?'

The answer is 'No, Nana,' or 'No, Tata,' or 'No, Manong;' and, 'Mother has not yet come home.'

Gela watches the harvesters go by, their long, brown arms swinging wide at their sides, the sweat glistening on the back of their necks.

'Ay, you, Gela. What are you doing there?'

'Waiting for Mother, Nana Basiang.'

'Your mother has not come home? She started home before me. Your mother said, "My child Gela is alone at home waiting for me." Have you cooked the rice?'

'No, Nana. Mother told me I must not cook rice.'

The old woman contemplates the girl in her muddy little dress, then turns and ascends the path that leads

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to a cogongrass house that stands in a thick grove of santol trees on the rise across the road. Soon smoke seeps through the wet grass roof.

II

It is twilight. The slow tolling of the church bell announces the Angelus. Men and women pause and cross themselves piously.

'Gela.'

On the child's face the eager look of welcome becomes one of disappointment.

'Has your mother still not come home?' Nana Basiang asks anxiously.

'Not yet, Nana Basiang.'

'What has happened to that woman? Never mind, I shall cook some rice for you. Where do you keep it?'

'The rice is in a basket on a bamboo shelf over the fireplace. Where is Pitong, Nana Basiang? He did not come to play with me.'

'That boy? Ha! I think he went swimming in the river again, the rascal.'

Nana Basiang cooks the rice on the broad, shallow box, filled with earth and set on a level with the bamboo floor, that serves as a hearth. The pot of rice soon boils merrily. Red light and shadows chase each other across the sooty bamboo rafters and sooty bamboo walls, and across the dark, thin face of Nana Basiang.

There is a noise outside, then feet scurry up the bamboo ladder of the kitchen. A boyish face, split by a wide, big-toothed grin, with hair tumbled down the wet forehead, is projected from the darkness into the red, wavering light.

'It is Pitong!' exclaims Gela.

'Aha! so you are here, at last!'

Pitong steals sheepishly into the kitchen, accepts his mother's scolding meekly, and sits down beside Gela on the floor. He keeps a hand clenched behind his back.

'What do you have in your hand, Pitong?' asks Gela.

Pitong closes his hand tighter and shakes his head obstinately.

Gela edges closer to him and smiles. 'Now, Pitong, let me see it.'

Pitong shows his big teeth but clenches his fist more firmly.

Gela puts all her feminine wile and charm in her smile. Failing to impress, she crouches and dives at the hand but clutches only empty air.

'We are friends, Pitong. Why don't you show me what you have in your hand? Just a little peek.'

Pitong starts to shake his head, but on second thought reconsiders the matter.

'Give me a kiss, then,' he says, placing a finger on his cheek that is faintly powdered with mud from the river.

'No!'

'I'll show it to you if you do!'

Gela ponders a moment, then says, 'No.'

'All right,' says Pitong, thrusting his fist into his pocket, 'you shall never see it.'

Gela gives a yell and bursts into tears.

Nana Basiang fixes a red, truculent eye upon her son. 'Now, what have you done to her? What have you done to her, you son of the devil?'

'Nothing, Mother,' Pitong protests. 'Nothing at all.'

The rice bubbles over and, as Nana Basiang turns away to take the lid off the pot, Pitong kicks sidewise at

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Gela, who gives another yell and starts crying afresh.

'Come here, you! Come here!' shouts the woman, preparing to whip Pitong.

'But Mother,' expostulates Pitong, viewing his mother's preparations with alarm.

'What did you do to Gela? Come here!'

Nana Basiang rolls up her sleeves and selects a fair-sized stick from its pile near the hearth. 'Come here.'

Pitong gives Gela, who is watching the proceedings with interest, a devastating look and edges toward the door. '*Na*, Mother, Gela is crying because I wouldn't show her the thing in my hand because she would not—He stops short.

'What wouldn't she do?'

'She would not—' Pitong racks his facile brain in vain.

'Because he asked me for a kiss,' Gela puts in.

The woman glowers upon Pitong. 'What! You son of the devil!'

'Just a little kiss, Mother,' says Pitong.

'And when I would not kiss him, he kicked me,' Gela adds.

The mother glares at Pitong. 'What! You son of the devil!'

'Just a little kick, Mother,' says Pitong. 'The kick would not have hurt an ant.'

The woman's eye rests upon Pitong's closed hand. 'What is that in your hand?' Pitong, with a backward glance at Gela, opens his hand before his mother near the fire and closes it again as Gela steals up behind him.

'*Ay*, just an *abal-abal* (edible beetle),' exclaims the woman. 'Have you been quarreling just because of that?'

The secret is out. '*Ay*, just an *abal-abal*,' says Gela contemptuously.

'*Na*, but you wanted to see it,' Pitong retorts derisively. He opens his hand and the beetle crawls up one of his fingers. It is fat and grayish-brown, and the fire-light gleams on its wings. A length of thread secures it by its two hind legs to one of the boy's fingers.

'So the *abal-abal* came out this afternoon, Pitong?' asks the mother. 'Have you caught any for supper?'

'Yes. Father is already boiling them in vinegar.' He turns around and sticks his tongue out at Gela who is watching the antics of the beetle enviously. '*La! We* shall have *abal-abal* for supper tonight.'

'I do not like *abal-abal*,' lies Gela weakly, her eyes still glued to the beetle. So Pitong puts it in the center of his palm and closes his fingers over it.

III

In the happy anticipation of a meal of beetles boiled in vinegar, Nana Basiang forgets to whip the errant Pitong and occupies herself with cooking the rice. She rests the pot on a bed of embers on one side of the fireplace and replaces the lid, first putting a piece of green banana leaf over the cereal. The escaping steam fills the air with a fine aroma.

'What have you for supper, Gela?'

'The fish stew in the little pot, Nana Basiang.'

The woman takes down the pot and examines its contents in the glow of the embers. She sniffs it.

'It is spoiled. *Hoy*, Pitong, run up to our house and get some of the boiled beetles. For Gela. Hurry, you son of the devil.'

Pitong tarries to give Gela a baleful

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look, then disappears into the velvet night which is full of the smell of flowers. Silence settles upon the kitchen. The deep red glow of the embers pulsates among the soot-black pots, the row of shiny, battered tin plates and the black coconut bowls on the bamboo shelf hanging from the dark loft, and on two five-gallon cans filled with water. Nana Basiang, squatting before the fireplace, stirs restlessly.

'Are you lonely, child?'

'Yes, I am lonely, Nana. Won't my mother come home soon?'

There is the noise of bare feet outside. The two look at each other with a glad light in their eyes. 'Your mother is home now.' Angela rushes to the door, crying, 'Mother, Mother.'

But it is Pitong standing outside in the dim light coming from the door. He looks at Gela foolishly, holding something wrapped in a green banana leaf in his hand. On his shoulder the gray-brown beetle is resting, its white string falling away.

Pitong delivers the boiled beetles with a grand gesture, and his mother sends him back. 'Tell your father,' she says, 'to see if Nana Sibbi is anywhere among the neighbors.'

While Gela eats on the floor, Nana Basiang stares over the low wall of the kitchen after the figure of her son disappearing in the dark. Later on she sees her husband hurrying down the path with a lantern in his hand. He vanishes down the road, the lantern casting huge, swinging shadows.

Nana Basiang sits down on the floor beside the girl, only to start up at the sound of voices on the road. A party of men and women are passing by on their way home from threshing rice at the mill of the rich Don Tinoso. In reply to Nana Basiang's shouted inquiry they say they have not seen the missing woman.

Gela finishes her meal, drinks from the coconut dipper, washes the plates, throws the dish-water into the night, warning away the spirits lurking nearby with a '*cayo-cayo*' lest they get drenched. Someone outside calls for Nana Basiang. It is Tata Iban, her husband, looking tired and pale in the dubious light of the lantern. He beckons to Nana Basiang to come out quietly.

'She is in the house of Lacay Bansiong. She is dead.'

'Dead?'

'Yes,' the man whispers. 'Dead. Bitten by a rice snake.'

'I did not see her when I passed by the old man's house.'

'There was no one in the house when she got there. I arrived with Lacay Bansiong himself and his wife. They had just come from threshing rice at Don Tinoso's mill. We found her there, lying on the floor.'

'And . . . Gela?'

They glance back at the kitchen. Gela is sitting on the small wooden mortar, gravely watching fireflies at play around the gumamela bushes.

'People are bringing the body over,' says Tata Iban. 'What shall we do?'

Nana Basiang decides promptly, 'We'll take her home with us.'

IV

Outside the door, Gela sits freshly washed and solemn in a clean white dress, stiff with starch. Strange men and women, men and women in black, come in and out of the door. There are men talking, drinking the sweet sugar-cane wine, chewing *buyo* and

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spitting red out of the window. There are women playing *panguingue* with decks of Spanish cards on mats spread on the floor. There is loud talking, much acrid smoke going up into the cobweb-festooned rafters.

'Poor child,' says a thin sallow-complexioned young woman, stroking Gela's head gently. 'Poor child. Where will you stay now that your mother is dead?'

'I don't know, Nana.'

'You come to live with me?'

'No, Nana.'

Gela begins to cry softly. In the main room of the house, her mother lies very still and very white on her bed-mat upon the floor. Her wrinkled hands are clasped upon her breast, and a little black cross is stuck between the rigid fingers.

'Don't cry, child. Now, you make me cry too.'

Gela sobs louder. Tears stream down her cheeks.

Nana Basiang takes Gela by the hand. 'Let us go, Gela,' she says. 'That son of the devil son of mine will play with you.'

Across the road, past the tin cans and the sticks and the dried shredded santol leaves with which she had played house yesterday, now piled into a heap on one side (for Tata Iban had come to sweep the yard); up the path, with the butterflies flitting among the aso-aso flowers; over the stones which the rains of years have washed smooth, Gela and Nana Basiang go. They arrive at the woman's house.

'Pitong! Pitong! Now, where is that son of . . . ah, there he is.'

Pitong comes running around the house. In one hand is the string which holds his beetle captive. 'Pitong, come play with Gela.'

Pitong sniffles obediently. He lifts up a bare foot to show that one of his toes is hurt. He has bandaged it with a piece of the cloth used for wiping sooty pots. Nana Basiang leaves for the house of the dead across the road.

Gela, sobbing tearlessly, stares at the beetle with interest. It alights upon her arm. 'Oh, oh, oh,' she cries.

'See, it is going up your arm,' says Pitong.

'It scratches!' Gela's swollen face brightens, but still she is sobbing. 'See, it is clasping its hands.'

The beetle spreads its wings as if to fly away, but folds them again.

'It likes me,' says Gela. She glances at Pitong hopefully. 'It does not want to fly away from me.'

'*Ay*, it did the same thing with me also.'

'May I hold the string for a while, Pitong?'

Pitong considers for a moment, then grandly delivers the beetle into her custody. It resumes its slow journey up her arm. Between her sobs, Gela giggles delightedly.

Pitong looks down the hill, across the road. Lacay Doro, the carpenter, is carrying the newly finished wooden casket into Gela's house. The casket is gleaming brown, but soon he will drape it with the black cloth that is flung over the sill of one of the windows. He will use the little nails which Pitong bought for him at the Chinese store with his own mother's two centavos.

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Turning for a moment to see what is happening in Europe's smaller nations, we find that Switzerland struggles against Nazism, that Sweden contends with poverty and that Estonia is proud of her Women's Parliament.

Three Minor Characters

I. Swiss Democracy in Peril

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

THE pressure of Nazi Germany upon Switzerland is now so great that, as a Minister in Berne told me: 'The Germans are already treating Switzerland as if she were conquered territory.' Switzerland is to come within the Nazi *Gleichschaltung*. This is the Nazi aim, and by devious methods the Nazis are trying to familiarize the Swiss with the idea. Typical of Nazi technique is the award out of the blue of a special prize to Herr Schoeck, the Swiss musician, and to Herr Huggenberger, the Swiss writer, 'for services rendered to Germanic culture.' Neither of these artists is particularly pro-German, and the only possible excuse for the award of merit is that Herr Huggenberger, like the majority of Swiss citizens, happens to write in the German language. But no Swiss believes that it was for art's sake that the Nazis rewarded them.

The Nazi penetration in Switzerland has been perfected since the death of Gustloff and is now a splendid organization. It has four departments: the Nazi Party organization proper, to which the 140,000 Germans who live in Switzerland are compelled to belong; the Propaganda bureau; the Union for Germans abroad, which is the successor of the Deutscher Fichte Bund, the Imperial Spy Organization created in January, 1914; and finally, the Gestapo. There are now in Switzerland 500 Gestapo agents, whose function is to keep the German War Office well informed of Swiss military secrets and also to check up on the movements of German refugees. Ascona in the south, where Emil Ludwig,

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Remarque and others have found shelter, is well known as a Gestapo hide-out.

The Italians, of course, also have their spies. In 1935, for instance, a new model machine-gun was stolen from the Swiss arms factory at Soleure. This model reappeared in Ethiopia as one of the weapons of Italian attack.

In Switzerland, as elsewhere, the Italians and the Germans have set up and maintained Fascist groups to promote their influence. The Italian scheme foundered early. Its main promoter was Fonjallaz, a *condottiere* of the traditional type, who served as a military instructor in China before reaching high rank in the Swiss Army.

Nino Rezzonico was the actual leader of the Fascist organization, which appeared with a great flourish in 1934, with its centurions and its newspaper, the *Fascista Switzero*, its ballila and its blackshirts. Within a few months there was proclaimed the Fascist March on Bellinzona, the capital of Italian Switzerland. It was to be Switzerland's March on Rome. Unfortunately, despite the presence of 150 Fascists who had come over from Italy, the March collapsed. Rezzonico controlled the March from the safe distance of Como and it was left to a young lawyer Rossi to perform the theatricals, shout '*Avanti*' in Bellinzona square and call on his centurions to take control. Instead it was the anti-Fascists who took charge, wrecked the Fascist G.H.Q. and chased the centurions.

That was more or less the end of the Italian brand of Fascism in Switzerland. The Nazis, however, are much more tenacious. They are organized in a National Front under the lead of Rolf Henné, from Schaffhausen. They made great progress in 1933. The Nazi 'clean-up' on June 30th, 1934, had a devastating effect, however, and completely discredited the Swiss Nazis.

Since then they have never made much ground and only 1 per cent of the Swiss electorate voted for them in the last elections. A number of treason trials have further discredited them, like the case of Corporal Joseph Speck who handed over to the Nazi agents in Zurich important Swiss military secrets. Speck was a very active member of the Swiss National Front.

II

Far more dangerous from the democratic standpoint are the reactionary tendencies on the Right Wing of the Government parties. At the great Catholic center of Fribourg the ex-Finance Minister Musy set up an organization called the Committee of Action for National Reconstruction. This organization is violently anti-Socialist and its aim is to group together all Right-wing Movements on the basis of an authoritarian program. It is intended to be the spearhead of the pro-Fascist drive in Switzerland. It was Musy's Committee which was chiefly responsible for the success of the campaign that resulted in the banning of the Communist Party in the canton of Neuchâtel.

Pro-Fascist tendencies also make themselves felt in the Government. M. Motta himself is an even more pronounced Vaticanist than Dolfuss. It is said in Berne that he makes no serious political decision without first

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consulting his confessor, and he is known to be a close personal friend of the Papal Nuncio and a fervent admirer of Mussolini.

It was under pressure from M. Motta that Switzerland became the first country to recognize the Italian annexation of Ethiopia. From the outset of the Spanish struggle, the Swiss Government, though professing complete neutrality, has been openly prejudiced on the Rebel side. The Swiss Ambassador was the first to be recalled from Spain. The correspondence of the Spanish Minister in Berne is censored and seized, whereas the representative of Franco, an ex-Secretary of the Spanish Legation in Berne, is granted diplomatic privileges and is even allowed facilities for sending code messages to Burgos. Republican papers like the *Vanguardia* of Barcelona are seized, though no check is placed on Rebel propaganda. The eminent Swiss writer, Hans Muhlenstein, now lies in jail outside Zurich for stating in a public meeting that all means should be used to aid the Spanish Government.

The anti-democratic decrees of the Federal Council, acting under its emergency powers, have already raised much protest in Swiss juridical circles. The Council has now submitted to the Chamber a law to abolish the Communist Party, which, though it is infinitesimal in size and entirely without mass following, is blamed for all Switzerland's difficulties:—

Je suis tombé par terre,
C'est la faute à Voltaire,
Le nez dans le ruisseau,
C'est la faute à Rousseau.

as M. Jean Vincent aptly quoted at Geneva. The Swiss Senate has already made considerable amendments to the proposed legislation, and it has now been made so general in its terms that an action can be taken under its authority against Fascists as well as Communists. But the main drive of the bill is against the Left, and the view taken by Swiss Socialists and democratic Radicals (like the editorial staff of the excellent Basel daily, the *National Zeitung*), is that the law to abolish the Communist Party is an obvious preliminary step to an attack on the Socialist Party and eventually even on the Liberals.

The democratic organizations, however, are not blind to the dangers of this '*Loi Liberticide*' as they call it, and so strong has their resistance been that the Swiss Parliament has now been compelled to abandon the proposal to push through the law without a referendum. In Neuchâtel the Trade Unions refused to resist the law to abolish the Communist Party and as a result it was passed. But in the canton of Geneva, which has been asked by referendum to abolish Communism, the Labor Party has organized a strong opposition campaign. [*In the referendum, which took place on June 12–13 the canton voted the suppression of the Communist Party by 18,278 ballots to 12,076.* THE EDITORS]

In the same way in German Switzerland, where the chief danger lies, the Trade Unions and Labor Party are opposing the Federal Action against Communism, and in alliance with various small groups, like the Jeunes Paysans, Young Catholic Workers and Peasant Party, they have created a movement called the '*Ligne Directrice.*' Though this movement dissociates itself from the name 'Popular

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Front,' the nucleus of a Popular Front it undoubtedly is, with considerable possibilities for the future. Upon the shoulders of this movement may fall the task of keeping Swiss democracy alive.

II. Sweden: A Long Way to Utopia

By Seved Apelgvist

Translated from *Vi*, Weekly Organ of the Swedish Coöperative Union

'THE happiest country in Europe right now is Sweden, as it has come closer to Utopia than any other part of the modern world.'

This statement, and others like it, can be read in the leading English and American papers. The opinion is flattering for our country.

There is no reason to doubt that in many ways we have advanced considerably when compared with many other nations. Our standard of living, for example, has risen higher than in most other countries. But this, in itself a very encouraging fact, only emphasizes how sad the situation really is in a world which, instead of leveling the road toward continuous progress, is raising considerable obstacles for the general well-being through short-sighted policies of economic isolation and fantastic preparations for war.

Yet Sweden, which now is supposed to have reached so close toward the dreamed-of ideal state of Utopia—what does Sweden look like, when we get down to bald facts?

Let us glance for a moment at the report made recently by the National Welfare Commission. The report was prepared by Richard Sterner and entitled *Standard of Living in Swedish Families*.

This splendid study, which was based upon official research, reveals that the average income among all wage earners in Sweden amounts to only 1,700 kronor ($432) annually, and that nearly three-fourths of incomes fall below this average. And again, that almost a half of the wage earners have an annual income of less than 1,000 kronor ($254)!

Glancing at the income per family, we find that more than one-fifth of all the families in Sweden have an income of less than $254 per year. Further, the total of such families where man and wife together earned less than $254 in 1935 was estimated to 215,000, of which 28,000 lived in cities and 187,000 in the country. According to one estimate, there were close to 400,000 children under the age of 16 in these families. Thus more than a quarter of all Swedish children would belong in this low income group.

We shall not attempt to advise these 215,000 families as to how they can live decently on less than $254 annually—as to how such an income can best be budgeted for food, clothing, housing and so on up to the item of 'cultural' expenses! We merely wish to point out, in view of the facts, that Utopia is a long, long way off for the people of Sweden.

But what can be done in the matter? The all-important thing to do is to stimulate an increase in the volume of

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production and employment in the country. This is the safest and most effective way to increase the general wellbeing. But for the benefit of the smaller wage earners it is also of greatest importance to prevent any unnecessary or unreasonable increase in the prices of consumption goods.

It is here that the consumers' coöperative—the goods consumers' own self-governed economic movement—has an important rôle to play. The experience that has already been gained quite plainly indicates that the movement is equal to its task.

II

Both as to quality and as to prices these consumers' coöperatives have worked for several decades to achieve their objective of 'making the small incomes last longer.' This holds good primarily for food stuffs, which are the greatest single item in the household budget of the small income producers. But other goods have also been influenced. Simplification and rationalization of distribution have brought prices down. Besides, wherever the consumers' coöperatives are active, the former monopolies in the retail trade have been broken and price fixing has gradually been placed more and more in the consumers' own hands.

In a more active way the consumers' coöperatives have done much for the exclusive gain of the consumers, especially the smaller wage earners. The Coöperative Association has built or bought a great many industrial enterprises and has thus been in a position to lower the prices of many different products in its fight against trusts and cartels. The savings in the individual homes amount to tens of millions of kronor annually. It would be hard to estimate what this has meant to timber and lumber camp workers, share-croppers and other small income producers. They are now able, for example, to buy a pair of high rubber boots for 12 kronor instead of 30 kronor. This example is typical of the results achieved by the consumers' own industries.

This monopoly-breaking and price-lowering activity of the consumer-coöperative has also positively influenced the volume of production and employment in both business and industry. The reason why is easily explained. When a consumer-coöperative breaks a monopoly and forces prices down, the consumer's expenses are reduced, and there will be a corresponding increase in his 'real income' or purchasing power. This means an increased demand for either price-lowered products or other necessities, in many cases for both of these categories. As a consequence, industrial enterprises are able to increase their production and, in most cases, create new employment opportunities, in spite of the rationalization that has taken place.

It is clear that consumer-coöperation increases the purchasing power, or real income, of the household by reducing expenses, thereby directly stimulating production and employment. Consumer-coöperation consequently belongs to those forces in the country which are successfully attacking the problem of the poor. From it the small wage earners and all the people of Sweden can expect effective aid in their endeavor to reach a higher general standard of living.

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III. A Parliament of Women

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Essen National Socialist Daily

A PARLIAMENT of women! Does it not sound like the title of a revue? Or a satire on feminism? Nevertheless, there *is* a country in Europe which is the first in the world to create a women's parliament. That country is Estonia, the smallest and also the most Nordic of the three Baltic countries. Nineteen years after she obtained her independence, Estonia may pride herself upon being the only European country which has no unemployment problem.

Feminine readers will no doubt hasten to express their triumph, and say: 'Nobody can argue now that women's parliaments are good for nothing!' But we must not exaggerate. When we speak of the Estonian Parliament of Women, we are not referring to a political assembly, all the members of which belong to the weaker sex. It is really a corporative Chamber, which has been created for women in their capacity as housewives (the Estonian Government recognizes housekeeping as a profession) and which permits them to take an active part in the life of the country.

As a matter of fact, not only is little Estonia the only European country which has had no unemployment even during the depression, but it is also a country in which the cost of living has been reduced to a level that could be envied even by Bulgaria and Rumania. Madam Eenpalu, the President of the Corporative Chamber of the Estonian Women, claims that her housekeeping colleagues must be given the credit for this achievement.

At any rate, little Estonia is now in a very good position, especially when compared with its rather turbulent history prior to 1918. Belonging in turn to Denmark, Germany, Sweden and finally to Tsarist Russia, the people of Estonia have, as the expression goes, 'seen sights.' But even the brutal policy of Russification applied by the Tsarist Government completely failed to make Slavs of them. Yet it has not been easy to supply 1,500,000 Estonians with a national government and culture in only nineteen years of independence.

One might ask how this country, which seems barren and ill favored in climate, could have escaped unemployment and economic depression. Perhaps this can be explained by the fact that there is no industry in Estonia and that 76 per cent of the population lives by farming and fishing. Estonia is certainly not wealthy; but one has only to spend a little time in the country to learn how it has solved the problem of finding a livelihood. The Estonian peasants live in wooden houses so built that the rooms, the kitchen, the barn and the stable are all under the same roof. By good organization, hard work and thrift, the people raise grain, vegetables, poultry and livestock.

How did it happen that among the Estonians, who surely have not sought after modernity, women could gain such important public recognition? Nobody knows. But the fact remains that the women's parliament is popular and respected throughout the country.

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Persons and Personages

Chautemps Comes Back

By Victor Schiff

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labour Daily

CAMILLE CHAUTEMPS was born in the heart of Paris fifty-one years ago, the son of a poor people's doctor who always forgot to ask for his fees when he saw that clothes were patched and that there was no meat in the pot on the fire.

Dr. Emile Chautemps, who was so forgiving to the poor, became very popular among his fellow-citizens. They sent him first to the Town Hall, then to the Palais-Bourbon, the Houses of Parliament. When he was later defeated he was already famous in French politics. He was given a safe seat in Savoy, the province in which the Chautemps family originated. He became a Senator and a Minister of Colonies.

He did not grow rich for three reasons: because he forgot his fees when the patients were poor; because he resisted the temptation of becoming wealthy through politics; and because he had five sons.

Camille, the new Premier, is now the most famous of the five. But before his name was ever heard of in France his elder brother Félix was suddenly placed in the limelight of French politics through a dramatic incident in the Chamber of Deputies which I witnessed by chance from the Press gallery just twenty-four years ago.

Under pressure from Tsarist Russia the Government of M. Barthou had decided in 1913 to raise the period of military service from two to three years. The whole country was roused by this demand. The Socialists, led by Jean Jaurès, and the Radicals, led by M. Caillaux, decided to fight the bill.

On the first day of the debate a tall, slim man in his thirties launched the attack. It was Félix Chautemps, the member for Albertville, in Savoy.

His family name was noted, but it was his first big speech. The young man criticized the bill with the skill of a Parliamentary veteran and of a military expert as well.

At his feet, behind the Minister's bench, two of the most prominent army chiefs were sitting in plain-clothes as military advisers to the Government. Their presence was apparently supposed to impress wavering members of the Left. One was General Joffre, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, heavy, broad-shouldered, with a big blond mustache; the

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other was General Pau, hero of 1871, who had lost his right arm in the war against Prussia.

'This third year of military service,' said the young member for Albertville, 'is to be enforced upon the country as a result of the carelessness and laziness of the General Staff.'

Old white-haired General Pau turned crimson, jumped to his feet, packed his papers under his only arm and started to walk away, followed by General Joffre, who was obviously surprised by this outburst of temper from his colleague. Prime Minister Barthou had just time enough to catch the flap-ends of their coats and to pull them back.

A pandemonium broke out, the whole Right howling down Félix Chautemps for his 'insults to the Army,' the Left protesting against that unprecedented demonstration of generals in a French Parliament. Félix Chautemps stood impassive on the rostrum in the midst of the storm. Order was restored only when the Speaker censured his 'regrettable words.'

For days and weeks the reactionary Press poured insults over the 'traitor' who had shown so little respect for the General Staff's infallibility. A little more than one year later war broke out, and one of the first French M.P.s to fall on the battlefield was the 'traitor,' Félix Chautemps. Had he survived the war he would probably have become Premier of France before his younger brother Camille. Two other sons of Dr. Emile Chautemps died for their country; Maurice, who was killed in the war, and Henri, a colonial civil servant, who was murdered in Senegal by rebel tribes.

Of the five sons there remain two, Camille and Pierre, both lawyers by profession. Pierre is not active in politics, but is nevertheless persecuted by reactionaries simply because he is Camille's brother.

IN FRANCE it is the price of popularity on the Left to be the target of perfidious attacks from the Right. When the Stavisky scandal broke out in 1934, M. Camille Chautemps had just become Premier for the second time. Those who wanted to exploit the affair politically against the Republic invented a fantastic theory. Stavisky, they said, was a protector and financier of the Radical Party. He knew so much about Radicals that the Radical leaders had to prevent him at any price from making disclosures. He was therefore lured into a trap at Chamonix and a suicide was framed up.

And who was it who arranged that murder? Of course, the Premier, the Radical leader, Camille Chautemps. And the best evidence for that is that he was spending his Christmas holiday in the neighborhood of Chamonix, apparently to enjoy the winter sports—in fact, to watch closely the execution of the murder plot against the financial scoundrel!

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But this was only the beginning of the campaign—not a mere campaign of gossips, but of articles, of speeches, of cartoons, in which M. Chautemps was openly described as a murderer. A few weeks later—the Chautemps Cabinet had meanwhile resigned in the tornado caused by the Stavisky scandal—a Paris judge, M. Albert Prince, was found dead on the railway near Dijon.

On that mysterious death (which was much later clearly proved to be a suicide) the Fascists immediately built a theory. M. Prince, they said and printed, was on the eve of revealing how Stavisky had enjoyed protection by the French judicial authorities after his first frauds, because of his close relations with the Radicals. The Chief Public Prosecutor of Paris is M. Pressard. M. Pressard is the brother-in-law of M. Chautemps. Therefore, in order to prevent M. Prince from exposing his brother-in-law and his party, M. Chautemps hired a few gangsters who lured M. Prince into a trap at Dijon, murdered him, and laid the dead body on the rails to fake a suicide.

This was said, repeated, printed day by day all over France for nearly half a year. And what is even worse—millions believed it. I am not quite sure that there are not hundreds of thousands who either still believe it or, at least, still say, 'After all—a masonic dignitary. . . . One can never know. . . . There may be something in it. . . .'

M. Camille Chautemps displayed indifference; he suffered in silence, knowing that French common sense would prevail over political baseness and fanaticism. He was right. After a few months the whole campaign suddenly collapsed, when the double life of M. Prince was revealed, and also the part which he had played in the protection enjoyed by Stavisky after his first frauds. But while M. Chautemps was splendidly vindicated, it came too late for his brother-in-law, M. Pressard, whose heart virtually broke through grief and disgust.

When M. Léon Blum appointed M. Camille Chautemps a member of his Cabinet, nobody, even among his most fanatical libelers of 1934, dared recall with one word the old, and yet so recent, 'murder' charges against him.

Throughout these events the new Premier showed that he is a philosopher of the old Stoic school, but also that he lacks fighting spirit. He is a political diplomat, a master of tactics. He is a good, but not brilliant, speaker, and he dislikes spectacular moves. One of his main qualities—which is not common in French parliamentary life, and especially not in the Radical Party—is his political reliability.

M. Léon Blum trusted him when he offered to make him a Minister of State in his Cabinet, and M. Chautemps remained loyal all the time, although it would have been easy for him to use his enormous influence in the Radical Party and his perfect knowledge of the 'lobbies' in a

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quite different way. This is the reason why the Radicals, and the Socialists with them, prefer him to the more brilliant, but less reliable official party leader, M. Daladier.

M. Camille Chautemps has the ambition of a man who knows that not only his personal qualities but also his family name, which is already attached to the history of the Third Republic, entitle him to play a leading part in ruling his country. But he is apparently not satisfied with being considered a master of home politics. His desire is to prove that he is also a statesman of international scale. He would have liked to become M. Blum's Minister of Foreign Affairs. As this was not possible he was satisfied with remaining behind the scene, the main inspirer of M. Delbos (and the friends of the Spanish Republic will perhaps add, not always for the best). As a Minister without a portfolio he had no Ministry to administer. But he chose to settle in a room of the Quai d'Orsay, from which he was in permanent contact with M. Delbos.

Henceforth his influence on foreign politics will be more direct and more official. As a man who lost two of his brothers in the war, and whose two grown sons are students, one may be sure that he will do everything in his power to maintain peace in Europe, as M. Léon Blum did before him.

Let us only hope that he will not allow his determination to prevent war to be misunderstood by the Fascist Powers as an indication of French weakness and cowardice.

Milan Stoyadinovich

By Egon Heymann

Translated from the *Kölnische Zeitung*, German Coördinated Daily

YUGOSLAVIA'S Premier is tall and handsome, and possesses the physique of an athlete. One is not surprised to learn that boxing is his favorite recreation. His almost inexhaustible energy is a heritage from his sturdy Serbian ancestors. A sound body, and in it a sound and brilliant mind which has matured through zealous study and exacting experience since early childhood. To these is added a personal charm which no one who has dealings with him can escape or forget. But even this splendid endowment is not all. For Milan Stoyadinovich has another quality which makes him the superior of those statesmen who are merely experts. This quality we may call creative intuition, or better, a sense of guidance by destiny. Stoyadinovich himself believes in his destiny—in *Kismet*, as he calls it—which has designated him as a *Batlija*, or luck-bringer.

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In the presence of such strength and confidence, one feels that here is a man who knows exactly what he wants, a man who has the will to get what he wants. Whoever has him for a friend may feel secure; but whoever opposes him can expect to be struck down.

Kismet has thus far cast Stoyadinovich's career in an ever rising curve. He was born on July 23, 1888, in Chachak in Shumdiya. His father was a Judge of the Supreme Court; his mother was the daughter of a rural minister. While still in school he attracted attention and when he studied in Belgrade, Stoyan Protich, the Finance Minister, was informed of the boy's great talents. At the suggestion of the University he endowed Milan with a State fellowship in political science, enabling young Stoyadinovich to study in Munich during the winter of 1910–11. There he attended the lectures of Lotz and Brentano, and in the summer of 1911 those of Adolf Wagner in Berlin. Simultaneously he worked in the Prussian Comptroller's office in Potsdam. That same year he was graduated in Belgrade with the degree of Doctor of Law. His dissertation was entitled *The German Budget*. He was then assigned to the French Ministry of Finance in Paris and a year later, in 1913, he went to London. During the First Balkan War he reported as a volunteer, but was told that there were not sufficient guns even for trained men. He volunteered again during the Second Balkan War, but saw no service as the war was short. Thus Stoyadinovich's war experience was limited to the Censor's office in the Ministry of War.

He served his year of compulsory training with the artillery in Kragujevac with enthusiasm. When the World War broke out he still lacked two months of the field exercises necessary to a reserve officer's commission, and he was obliged to remain in the Ministry of Finance which he had already entered as a junior barrister. Few people know that it was young Stoyadinovich who saved the Serbian national treasure. Accompanied by only one official and a servant, he transferred the funds to safety during the bitter Serbian retreat, at the same time leading his younger brother and sister to safety. 'There was not much in the treasury,' Stoyadinovich confessed with a smile. Yet there were many valuable documents and some silver money. The latter was important for the Albanians would not accept Serbian notes.

On January 20, 1916, he embarked for Corfu, with the Serbian treasure still in his possession. One of the many exciting incidents in his life occurred on this trip, when his boat escaped undamaged from violent air attack. On Corfu, Serbia's Government 'beyond the borders' began work anew. The Ministry of Finance, which in the beginning consisted merely of Stoyadinovich and a few officials, grew rapidly, and toward the end of the War Stoyadinovich, now promoted to the post of Director General, was in charge of a department of one hundred officials. While

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on Corfu he made the acquaintance of his bride, whose father was Greek and her mother German.

Dr. Stoyadinovich and Minister of Finance Protich reëntered Belgrade with the first Serbian troops in November, 1918. The Ministry of Finance was reopened. Room by room the old building was repaired—today the State Courts are quartered there—and a new building was erected. At the end of 1922, Dr. Stoyadinovich for the first time became Minister of Finance; and he again held that office from 1924 to 1926. These were years of recovery and prosperity. The name of Stoyadinovich became linked with economic success. Good judgment and a sound political instinct warned him against casting his lot with the dictatorship which began on January 6, 1929. He knew better than others how to interpret the symptoms of the time; depression followed prosperity—until 1935. Now, he said to himself, the 'seven lean years' have passed, and he accepted the Premiership. Even if the years 1935 and 1936 were by no means 'prosperous years,' yet who can deny that they were incomparably better than the preceding ones? And who will deny that today Yugoslavia holds a more important, independent and self-reliant position in the international political scene than ever before?

ONE is justified in suspecting that this active, determined life has little room for personal hobbies and avocations. A 'private' Stoyadinovich does not exist; everything that resembles a private activity must serve his work and his goal. Even boxing; for boxing utilizes not merely the arms and the body, but also the head. Boxing requires the tactics of a hand-to-hand fight. Hunting, too, is only in part pure pleasure for him. While he loves to stroll through the woods and meadows hunting also affords an opportunity for informal conversations with visiting statesmen.

Milan Stoyadinovich is not musically inclined. His keen interest in science finds expression in improvements in industry and in the Army. He likes to read and he reads much, as much as his time permits, but no novels. History, politics, finance, tactics and strategy—these are his favorite subjects. His library contains books in four languages, and all the great memoirs—Bismarck's, of course, and among the more recent works, those of Lloyd George, Hindenburg, Foch, Poincaré and Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. He is a great admirer of Clausewitz, the scientist of war, and while this article was written he was immersed in the study of Otto Groos's *Naval Warfare*.

Dr. Milan Stoyadinovich has one secret love—Munich. He likes to travel. He knows all Europe and has been in the United States twice, but wherever he goes he tries to arrange to pass through Munich. 'For I have to have a stein in the Hofbräuhaus at least once a year,' he explains. And

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chuckling he recounts his college years, when toward the end of the month there would be only fifty Pfennig to provide his day's fare. 'That was easily done; one stein was 23 Pfennig and the rest was sufficient for bread, cheese and tips. . . . That is still my favorite meal.'

Although Milan Stoyadinovich is an arch-Serbian, who knows the West sufficiently well to deal with it on equal terms, he is also bound to the East by his belief in *Kismet*. And when people speak of him, they may grumble as they used to grumble about Nikola Pashich. But then they will say what they said of Pashich. He is a *Batlija*. He brings luck.

The German Fouché

By N. Kornev

Translated from the *Izvestia*, Moscow Organ of the Central Executive Committee

HEINRICH HIMMLER, the head of the German Gestapo, or State Secret Police, once wrote a little pamphlet entitled *The Schutzstaffel* [Special Guard] *as a Weapon Against Bolshevism*. World history is described in it as the 'eternal struggle of "Man" with the "Underman",' and the class struggle as an attempt on the part of Jews and Bolsheviks to exterminate the Aryan race. According to Himmler, Bolsheviks and Jews (Esther and Mordecai) were responsible for the murder of Haman the Aryan; they brought about the Thirty Years' War and are now ready to undertake the wholesale destruction of the German race. The Gestapo chief's mind seems to be filled with the dregs of pogrom literature.

Himmler was born in Munich of a well-to-do merchant family. He failed to get his degree at the university and became so incorrigible that his parents soon washed their hands of him. He joined the Nazi Storm Troops and began to lead the carefree life of a freebooter. Even the National Socialist papers used to hint about Himmler's embezzlements before Hitler came to power. But his crimes and immorality were regarded by the Party leaders as a guarantee that, with such a record behind him, Himmler would serve the cause all the better.

In 1927 Himmler was taken up by Gregor Strasser who, in view of Göring's intrigues against Hitler, had begun to create a Special Guard for the person of the Führer. Strasser was not at all dismayed by the numerous reports about the criminal activities of his protégé. On the contrary, he thought that a man who was ready to commit a crime at a hint from above was ideally suited for the post. Himmler would be as devoted as a dog to the master who stood between him and prison. Strasser miscalculated in one respect, however; unlike a dog, Himmler was al-

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ways ready to change masters. The moment he became personally acquainted with Hitler, he betrayed his former protector.

Himmler made up for his political illiteracy by calling on his native shrewdness. He was quick to understand that a big career could be forged by opposing the Special Guard to the Storm Troops. The latter were composed of petty bourgeois youths who had been blinded by the Fascist demagogy. The Special Guard was made up of men who resembled the Prætorians of ancient Rome: they were trained to obey unquestioningly the slightest order from above.

At the very beginning, Himmler introduced into the Guard and later into the Gestapo a system which demanded machine-like obedience. He preaches almost openly that a man's virtue is the absence of all scruples. He has converted the Special Guard and the Gestapo into a monstrous system of espionage that is aimed not only against the Opposition (Communists and Socialists working underground, the dissident elements of the bourgeoisie, etc.) but also against the various under-führers within the Party whom Himmler has entangled by subtle provocation in a net of treachery. This system helped Himmler to get the better of Göring, his only rival for the post of the 'guardian' of the Third Reich.

There were two claimants for the rôle of the German Fouché. Göring represented the military circles. Since military espionage in foreign countries was the main problem of the German Intelligence, he seemed to be the logical choice. Himmler was at that time the Chief of the Munich Police. The German police was divided into two departments: the Prussian, under Göring, and South German, under Himmler. But Munich remained the headquarters of National Socialism even after it came to power. In this way Himmler managed to get the records of all Hitler's aides. After having used his friendship with Röhm against Göring, Himmler was one of the organizers of the purge of June 30, 1934, which eliminated Röhm. Then he became one of the closest aides of Rudolph Hess, the principal organizer of the Gestapo's work outside Germany. Through the joint efforts of Hess and Himmler, the Gestapo, whose activities inside the country hardly need explanation, became more energetic abroad.

Now Himmler watches, and to some extent directs, the work of German diplomats in other countries. The appointment of Hitler's old friends to more or less responsible positions in the Foreign Office is a recent development. The German diplomatic service still consists mainly of officials whom Hitler has retained from the democratic régime. Their influence on German foreign policy, however, is negligible; their nominal task is to frame the diplomatic notes which even Hitler at times finds necessary to submit to the representatives of the foreign States. But the real activity of the German diplomats abroad is the direction of the so-

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called Brown Spider-Web, *i.e.*, the numerous army of secret agents who, after being trained at home, are sent to pursue their tasks abroad. Within Germany Himmler does not pay the slightest attention to the law, or even the Fascist travesty of it, and he has the same scornful attitude toward the laws of neighboring States. He is responsible for the systematic kidnappings of anti-Fascist workers and émigrés across the Czechoslovak, Swiss, Luxembourg and French frontiers and the assassination of officials whose activities he finds embarrassing.

Himmler is an enthusiastic disciple of the famous Colonel Nicolai who was the chief of the German Intelligence during the World War. Nicolai complained that the German intelligence service abroad was not organized on a sufficiently large scale. Himmler has set himself the task of correcting that deficiency. The range of his present activities can be seen in the number of espionage trials that have occurred lately in Russia, Czechoslovakia, France and England.

Notorious even in Germany as a libertine, a drunkard and an unblushing scoundrel who has made a thorough study of physical and mental tortures, Heinrich Himmler is sometimes seized with obsessions which make even the higher Nazi authorities somewhat nervous. His latest idea is that the Special Guard and the Gestapo must create a new racial aristocracy. So he insists that his men shall marry not only Aryan women, but also only those who have first been approved by the bridegroom's superiors. Himmler obviously wants to develop a special breed of spies and Prætorians on much the same principle that watchdogs and bloodhounds have been bred in the kennels.

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Jean Valjean and Marius would hardly recognize the Paris sewers today.

The Intestines *of* Leviathan

By MAURICE ROMAIN

Translated from *Marianne*
Paris Liberal Weekly

LEVIATHAN'S intestines. . . . I have taken the liberty of borrowing from Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* the metaphor he used as the title for his chapter describing Jean Valjean's terrible journey with Marius through the Paris sewers. It is recorded that one day in 1805 the Minister of Interior said to Napoleon: 'Sire, yesterday I met the bravest man in your empire.'

'Who is that man and what did he do?' Napoleon asked.

'It is what he is going to do, Sire. He is going to visit the Paris sewers.'

Such a man did exist: his name was Bruneseau. Later, Hugo told about that visit, which was so horrible that eight workers out of twenty refused to advance any further into the filthy tunnels after only a few yards. But today one does not need to be a hero to venture into the sewers of Paris since they no longer justify their old reputation for offensiveness.

Although many Parisians have explored the 'insides' of their city, I could not help remembering Jean Valjean's experience, and I could not overcome a slight feeling of uneasiness as I set forth on my expedition into the nether Paris. Accompanied by officials from the prefecture and the inevitable camera fiend, I descended a small spiral staircase situated behind the iron grating in the Place Châtelet.

The day was windy but sunny. We could see the Tour Saint Jacques outlined against the blue sky. It seemed to vibrate in the sunlight as it disappeared from our sight and the shadows closed around us. About thirty steps were enough to shut us off completely from the life and the hubbub of the streets. We descended into the shadowy realm of Pluto, lighted only by the lanterns which each one of us carried. They were heavy lanterns—so-called K. P. lanterns—with protected flames to avoid the danger of explosion if we should encounter an accumulation of gas.

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At the bottom of the spiral stairway we found ourselves in a wide gallery in the very heart of the subterranean city. The engineer in charge of the expedition led us first of all to a large wall map and gave us a little lecture about the history of our city's sewers. Just to whet our interest he might have begun by telling us something about the sewers of Nineveh, Athens and Rome, in the last of which they are still religiously preserving the remains of the famous Cloaca Maxima. But our Virgil contented himself with telling us that the first sewer in Paris, the one on the Rue Montmartre, dates back to Hugues Aubriot, the Prévôt des Marchands under Charles VI early in the fifteenth century. It was not until 1824, we learned, that construction began on a proper sewer system, the whole of which measured only 22 miles. At the same time they began using cheaper materials in building. The cholera epidemic of 1832 brought home the realization that the subterranean sewer system of the city had to be greatly extended for the protection of public health.

During the Second Empire the engineer Belgrand, the Baron Haussmann of the nether Paris, laid out the trunk lines of the capital's sanitary system as it now exists. He shifted the outlets of the sewers into the Seine farther downstream toward Asnières and Saint Denis. He constructed new conduits to serve the Left Bank and Bièvre by means of seven siphons under the Seine, the most important being located just above the Pont d'Alma.

This system continued to develop and in 1894, when a law was passed to provide for a new extension of the sewage system, the network already totaled more than 600 miles. Today it measures approximately 780 miles, not including the branch pipes leading to the surface.

The waste waters collected by the Paris sewers are today sent to Clichy by means of three main lines; the Clichy, the Asnières and Marceau sewers. The northeastern districts are served by the Nord sewer, which conveys the waste materials to Saint Denis for disposal. These great 'collectors' are like rivers into which flow the waters of the secondary sewers, and these in turn receive those of the primary drains. In almost all cases the passages are built at a gradient that insures a proper velocity of flow. Certain districts, however, are situated at such a low elevation that it is necessary to use pumps, which are operated at three central stations: the Place Mazas, the Quai d'Austerlitz and Auteuil.

There are also supplementary pumping stations which function when there is an overflow following heavy rains; they pump the excess water into the Seine. When the Seine overflows, the storm drains through which the excess water is emptied can be completely closed to prevent the waters of the river from inundating the subterranean passages.

II

After this little lecture the engineer outlined for us the route which we were about to follow, and we then filed after him along a narrow passage on either side of a shallow drain ditch in the bottom of which trickled a thin stream.

As we walked, one behind the

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other, our lanterns made a trembling zone of light beneath the low vaults. Overhead cables and large pipes stretched out of sight. This subterranean world, built primarily for the evacuation of the city's waste waters, also serves other purposes. It lodges the city's distribution system for spring and river water, compressed air tubes and all the telegraph and telephone lines. Only gas and electricity must travel by other underground routes.

Here and there one can see a number: that of the building whose network of drain-pipes enters the sewer at that particular point. In some places we see a handsome plate indicating a connection with a *chalet de nécessité*.

The head of our expedition stopped to point out to us a sort of niche and to explain the operation of the reservoir installed in it. At regular intervals, streams of water are released from it in two directions. The sewers can also be flushed at will by means of a valve. There are about 5,000 of these flush tanks; their function is to wash away the lightest and most fermentable waste matter and to purify the air.

Our guide called our attention to the fact that there is no odor in this dark realm; he added that the air is the same as that outside but contains fewer bacteria. This is due not only to the constant flushing but also to ventilation from the air holes. Just then we came upon one. It was a recess in the wall, like a chimney. It is through 15,000 airholes like this that the rain water is drained from the street. Through them also comes garbage of all kinds which really does not belong in the sewer but in the waste-cans and incinerators; but many Parisians find it much easier to throw it in the gutter.

We stopped near a different kind of chimney, which looked like a well and was equipped with an iron ladder; it was an exit to a manhole. These manholes, of which there are approximately 24,000 in Paris, are placed 50 meters apart and provide workmen with quick access to the passages for repairs and inspection. We were told that workmen are never permitted to go down alone, because if they were suddenly to be taken ill they would be entirely cut off from the outside world and rescue. Besides, when a storm is threatening, a comrade remains on guard in the street near the manhole and when the storm breaks warns them by blowing a horn. This precaution is quite necessary as the waters sometimes rise with dangerous rapidity.

Inscriptions in the passages testify that this peril is by no means imaginary. At a height of about 5 feet on the wall we find marked: 'The Storm of 1901;' and another inscription nearby shows the height to which the waters rose during the flood of January 29, 1910.

A blue enameled plaque, just like those on the street-corners, tells us that the Rue de Rivoli is far overhead; another at an angle with the first indicates the Boulevard Sevastopol.

III

From then on the sewer became more imposing: it had been promoted to the rank of a major, or collecting, sewer. The passage was much wider, the vaults higher and the accumulated waters flowed through a larger and

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deeper cunette with loud splashing. Overhead the pipes and the cables have grown to a size befitting their new station in life. The spring water pipe looked very imposing with its 43-inch diameter. It was supported by columns based on large concrete blocks. The river water conduit, 32 inches in diameter, was almost as prominent and we were also shown the pipe-line which connects with the fire hydrants.

At one point the drain trench was entirely covered by a kind of open six-wheeled truck which is used to clean out the sewers. It is equipped with a sluice attachment through which a 20-inch stream of water can be emptied into the trench to increase the velocity of the current. This stream dislodges the accumulated deposits and carries them to the disposal beds.

Where the width of the drain trench is greater than 6½ feet, these trucks are replaced by barges. Visitors who are admitted at certain times into the sewers ride in these barges from the Place de la Concorde to the Madeleine, a part of the Asnières sewer.

As we approached the source of the great Clichy sewer the vaults reverberated with the rumbling of the waters. The vaults are low here, otherwise the Metro subway would encroach upon the 'Empire of rats.' But no: this term is no longer true, for the monster sewer rats are now only a memory. They have almost entirely deserted their old domain in which their existence became more than precarious.

Finally we arrived at the opening of the great collector. It is not very large, being only about 13 feet wide; but a torrent of water, rushing by with a deafening noise, reaches up to the foot-walk. Although the trench is only about 7 feet deep, the current is so strong that we were extremely careful not to make a false step.

Our guide assured us that our sense of danger was amply justified and that anyone falling into these impure waters would have almost no chance of escape.

Wayward Ancestors

What is the correct attitude toward an illegitimate ancestor? If it is apparent that a woman forebear had intercourse with several men at the time of conception, then the genealogy of each of her lovers should be traced.

—*Der Westen*, Berlin

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An outstanding expert on Japan tells why her leaders are concerned about the future; and a Frenchman looks up his friend Tsuneo, who left the Sorbonne to fight bandits in Manchukuo.

Anxious Nippon

I. Can Japan Keep Pace?

By Günther Stein

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

JAPAN is more harassed today than ever by her economic limitations, as well as by the unfavorable effects which five years of strain are gradually exposing in her none-too-strong economic and social structure. Economics have become the main preoccupation of her military and civilian leaders. Social issues, although still neglected as far as action is concerned, are forcing themselves on their attention. And the pressure of all these problems—against which the 'enforcement of the true Japanese spirit in all the fields of national life' proves no sufficient cure—seems destined to gain in intensity as time goes on and the international armament race becomes more exhausting.

Industrial capacity is foremost among the many vexatious problems facing the Japanese authorities. For the 50 per cent growth in the output of Japan's manufacturing industries, which was brought about from 1931 to 1936, and the accompanying 50 per cent increase in the industrial machinery installed in the country are no longer viewed as achievements which can assure Japan the economic and military prominence to which she aspires. Even now the total output of all the factories in Japan is only a fraction of that of any of the leading Western countries, including the newly-industrialized Soviet Union. Per head of her population Japan produces hardly one-twelfth as much in manufactured goods as Britain or the United States.

Japan-Manchukuo's output of steel, in spite of all the vigorous State assistance by which it has been fostered

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in recent years, is but 6.7 per cent of that of the United States, Britain and the Soviet Union combined. On these countries, moreover, Japan must rely for almost half of the ferrous materials used in her domestic production of steel. At present the shortage of steel, pig iron, ore and scrap in Japan is such that not only the civilian branches of the Government but even the Army had recently to declare that they would renounce the use of about one-third of the total required for their steel consumption program during the current year. And the dearth of steel may prove even more embarrassing to the Navy, which is an even greater consumer of it.

II

Japan's engineering industries, despite their great advance recently both in the volume and quality of their production, are still lagging far behind the desires of her economic and military leaders. They can hardly be expected to increase the comparatively small total of machinery installed in industry by much more than about 10 per cent annually, even if no attention be paid to the replacement of obsolete equipment. Moreover, if only a part of today's large-scale projects for industrial expansion were to be carried out, Japan would have to increase very considerably her costly imports of foreign machinery, which never cease to be needed in large quantities side by side with home-produced equipment. This is because the country's hurried industrial progress in general, and that of its armaments in particular, depend to a large extent on the acquisition from Western countries of costly patent rights and licenses for newly-developed processes of manufacturing.

It is not only for these reasons that Japan's insufficient foreign currency income is the object of the second great anxiety of her leaders. The value of imported raw materials alone rose from 770 million yen in 1931 to 2,040 million yen in 1936, and it keeps on growing. Before the occupation of Manchuria and the new armament effort 29.4 per cent of all the industrial raw material requirements of the country had to be secured from abroad. But after five years of strenuous efforts to become one of the 'have's,' 33.5 per cent of its raw material needs had to be imported.

Japan is still able, however, to feed her quickly growing population without incurring any deficit in her foreign trade in foodstuffs. The increasing quantities of foreign raw materials needed for the manufacture of larger volumes of export goods which account for part of this unfavorable situation do not constitute a real financial problem, for such exports automatically pay for the raw material imports involved. It is the rapid increase in raw material imports for armament and equipment purposes which is alone responsible for the mounting deficit in the country's foreign trade, which during the first five months of the present year reached the record total of almost 600 million yen.

This heavy burden is becoming the more onerous as the rise of world prices began at a moment when Japan had almost exhausted her reserves of foreign currency. The comparatively small gold supplies of the country are now being tapped once more. New, and more severe, measures of

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State control over imports are to restrict purchases abroad to such goods as are most urgently required on grounds of national policy; but there are hardly any items that have not been restricted already. And a new drive to accelerate Japanese exports is soon to be launched.

III

The danger of inflation is another cause of apprehension. Every attempt to avert it by checking the rapid growth of the State's armament expenditures, by leaving many of the projects for further industrial expansion on paper and by ignoring the well-justified wage demands of workers and officials would slow down the pace of Japan's military preparations, would still further increase the dissatisfaction of the forward elements, and thus augment political tension at least between the latter and the more conservative groups. Besides, even the so-called moderate elements, who for years tried to prevent inflation from growing out of its present 'beneficial' into its much-dreaded malignant form, have gradually given in so much to categorical demands in favor of expansion that they would hardly find a practical way out even if they were to come into undisputed power.

For they realize well enough that, with the great changes in the country's economic structure that were brought about during these last five years, its dependence on ever-growing orders for armaments and new industrial equipment has become sufficiently decisive to make any fundamental change in policy as much of a threat to the stability of Japanese economy as the maintenance of the present course would be. In 1931 only 14 per cent of Japan's total factory output went into armaments and goods for capital investment; but by 1936 they took up almost 31 per cent of the much larger total that was produced by an entirely changed industrial mechanism in which 'heavy' engineering, and other new industries had come to prominence.

The last, but by no means the least, anxiety of the leaders of Japan is the wave of demands for higher wages, of strikes in an almost unprecedented number and of dissatisfaction with an insufficient livelihood that has been sweeping over the country since the beginning of the current year. No one would deny the justification for the wage and salary demands that are general not only among the workers and salaried men in private enterprises but also among local and national government officials. For the 25 to 30 per cent rise in the cost of living since 1931 was entirely unaccompanied by any increase in the average money income of nine-tenths of the population. The average wages per hour of industrial workers actually fell by something like 10 per cent during that time, and it was only a corresponding increase in working time (to more than 10 hours per day) which made up for this loss. Salaries also were under continuous pressure, and those of government officials had just been cut considerably before the rising trend of the cost of living set in after the coincidence of the 'Manchurian Incident' and the depreciation of the yen in 1931.

It would be wrong to deny that in the social as in other fields Japan has still a fair measure of reserve strength with which to overcome the numerous

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difficulties of the near future and even to make further advances with regard to her military power, her industrial development, and in the expansion of her exports. Nothing like a major crisis seems to be imminent. But it is not difficult to understand why the leaders of Japan, who are such profound skeptics with regard to the possibilities of international understanding in more than a superficial sense of the word, should worry about the ability of their country to keep pace, much less to gain new advantages, if the armament race continues to gain momentum.

II. Tsuneo Becomes a Soldier

By Jacques E. Marcuse

Translated from *Vendredi*, Paris Radical Weekly

'LET'S stay here,' said Tsuneo. 'If they were to see me talking to a foreigner there might be complications.'

'Who are "they"?' I asked.

'Well,' he confessed, somewhat shamefacedly, 'Tokyo is lousy with spies.'

So we stayed. I rang for the *nesan* to bring us more tea. My friend Tsuneo regarded her with suspicion.

Five years is a long time. In his khaki uniform I could hardly recognize the young Tsuneo of the Boul' Mich', the student Tsuneo of smartly tailored suits, impeccably brushed hair and parti-colored cravats. He had retained, nevertheless, the same smile, now even more dazzling because of several additional gold teeth. But nothing is less like a Japanese in Paris than a Japanese in Japan. Besides, he was now a soldier. He had just come back from three years' campaigning in Manchukuo and was leaving Tokyo again the next morning.

He, like the rest, wanted to know first of all whether Paris was still the same. I told him that Paris was a little less Parisian than when he knew it. He asked whether one man he knew was still to be seen at the Coupole, and about another habitué of another café. He seemed to be under an impression that life in Paris had stopped with his departure, that the same people could be found in the same places as before. I understood how he felt because he himself, in a way, had stopped. Paris was a part of his mental development. Only while he was there could he live, breathe—even think.

He had not left Paris: Paris had given him up. It remained a vague memory, so unreal that it seemed almost a memory of a dream. Japan, his native land, and the duties he owed her—that was the austere and inexorable reality that gripped him upon awakening. And who pays any attention to dreams?

He still spoke French easily but with a more noticeable accent than before. He pronounced *l* as *r*, the way Japanese do. He would cry out '*O ra ra!*' with affected nonchalance.

I asked what he had seen and done in Manchukuo. He opened his eyes wide at that. Although so recent, his adventures there did not seem to have made much impression on him. What he did remember was discipline, obedience—orders given and executed.

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Others thought for him, and he carried out the orders. That was all. His mind had been passive, his memory insensitive. He was a soldier.

'At first,' he told me, 'we were posted near Harbin. . . . I can't tell you exactly where. We were fighting the bandits. We killed many of them.'

'How did that happen?'

'Very simply. We looked for them, found them and killed them. I was the one who finished off the wounded. With a bayonet.'

'Really?'

'Yes. My captain noticed that I was afflicted with over-sensitiveness. To help me get rid of it, he assigned that job to me several times. One can become used to anything. Besides it wasn't as though *I* really killed them. You understand? Essentially, I was merely carrying out an order. It's not quite the same as killing of your own accord.'

'Were all of them killed?'

'All. No quarter given! What else did you expect? Sometimes in order to surprise the enemy, we disguised ourselves as bandits. It felt very strange to fight without a uniform. It was demoralizing. The uniform means a great deal. Of course it can't protect you, but it does give you confidence. If you see so many men just like yourself around you you forget that you have your own life, a life without a uniform, a life as an individual, which can be taken from you as an individual. Do you understand?'

'I think so.'

'I express myself very badly,' he said, as he suddenly became more formal. 'You must excuse me. I have forgotten how to talk. I am glad to see you. Over there I have sometimes thought about old times. I often longed to see the Luxembourg again in April: the budding trees and flowers, the children playing with their hoops. . . . We in Japan love gardens and children.

'Then I would remember the Boulevard Saint Michel at sunset, people walking on the sidewalks, so young, gay and carefree. I remembered their laughter, the hubbub and the lights in the shop windows. . . .

'About a year ago we were transferred to the Mongolian frontier. There we had an entirely different kind of life. From time to time we would go on an expedition: just a few of us would be sent out for patrol duty. We could not see where the frontier was but suddenly we knew that we had passed it. We went on, not in skirmish order, you understand, but as though we were on our own drill ground, going through routine exercises. There was nobody around—not a soul. Not a tree, not a house, not a man—nothing. Nothing but a great gray prairie, rolling before us.

'Then we would come upon *them*. They were usually mounted and well armed. We fought. Some of us were killed; the rest retreated in good order, as prescribed in the manual. We would come back covered with glory, proud of our dead and a little ashamed of having come out alive.'

II

I listened to him. He told me all this using the same tone of voice and the same gestures as when he used to tell me about his adventures with the shopgirls. Then he began telling me stories about his officers and his comrades. These stories fell rather flat, though he laughed heartily as he was

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telling them to me. Then he said gravely:—

'I am happy that I have had that experience. Now I have smelled powder. I am prepared. When the time comes. . . .'

He declared that we were living in 'the pre-war era.' He was anticipating the war happily and even complained because it was being delayed. He had found, or had been given, a formula:—

'We are not attacking; we are merely defending ourselves by taking the offensive.'

He spoke with a strange mixture of humility and arrogance. He said:—

'You laugh at us because we imitate you too much and not always successfully; because you find us too slow and lacking in humor; because we do not know how to wear Western clothes or how to drink. You laugh and perhaps you are right—for the moment. We don't care whether you are right or not, but your laughter makes us uncomfortable because the thing that counts is not to be right but to be the one who laughs. One day we'll be able to laugh at you.'

I told him that in my opinion it was dangerous to believe in a mission, that nothing obscures the mind so much as mysticism. He answered that such generalizations do not apply to Japan.

'Why?' I asked him.

He launched himself into an explanation and was soon lost in confusion. He added humbly:—

'Who am I to presume to understand. . . . ?

'I see,' he went on, 'that our patriotism seems strange to you. Just another thing to make you smile! You have nothing so absolute to fall back on. You have a mania for analyzing, for seeking. We have no need for research, analysis or understanding: we *know!* You are weakened by doubt; you are skeptics. You consider us stupid because we think very little, but the truth is that we are beyond thought, beyond hesitation. We have certainty. That's why we can afford to be patient, why we know that we are really the stronger, and why we are proud of being Japanese.'

He became silent, himself surprised at his outburst. But he must have remembered Paris again because at last he added:—

'Otherwise, it is not very much fun. . . .'

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To what extent has Canada developed a distinctive national culture?

A Canadian Culture?

By Reginald G. Trotter

From the *Queen's Quarterly*
Kingston Political, Literary and Economic Quarterly

DOES the cultural aspect of Canadian life and achievement warrant the adjective 'national?' To what extent, if at all, is there a Canadian way of life or attitude toward life that finds means of expression recognized as characteristically Canadian in any national sense? Obviously national cohesion in this Dominion is qualified by sectionalisms that lie deep-bedded in Canadian geography and have been reinforced by history.

Sectional diversity is most sharply marked as between French Canada and English-speaking Canada. Yet the Canadian French, despite their well-consolidated position in the basin of the lower St. Lawrence, have been assimilated to the pattern of British political institutions. The reason is obvious. They found in the long run that by playing the political game as it was eventually made possible for them under British institutions they could more readily than by any other likely method preserve their language, their religion and their laws. This, their central purpose, was from the beginning essentially cultural. British policy played its part by its early tolerance of survivals which a more arbitrary imperialism might have dealt with in ruthless fashion. Even so there were jealousies and strifes that long continued, and not till Confederation did French Canada find an assured political status within a system that seemed to promise by its federal character a permanent guarantee of the cultural claims of French Canada.

The Confederation settlement has been subjected lately to growing criticism by some elements in French Canada. There is a tendency to blame the political system for the effects of changing conditions of life which now threaten the full cultural survival that had seemed assured. The enlargement of Canadian independence by the gaining of Dominion status may have pleased French-Canadian national sentiment from one point of view, but it has made French Canadians feel less secure in the face of the

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English-speaking majority in the Dominion.

Jealousy grows, too, as the exploitation of Quebec's resources and the growth of large-scale industry proceed rapidly under predominantly English-speaking management and control. If Quebec adapts its education and its social system to such developments and the French are thus equipped to take their share of leadership in science and engineering, in industry and commerce, there is a possibility of larger community of culture between French and English in Canada. Opposition to such tendencies on cultural grounds, however, seems to lie at the root of much of the unrest in Quebec today. In any event, happy relations with that Province depend primarily upon the willingness of the English-speaking majority to recognize frankly the right of French Canadians to determine freely for themselves the language they shall speak and the customs they shall follow.

In English-speaking Canada diversity is not absent. Even the English language is used with a variety of accents as one passes from region to region. Many countries show such local differences of speech, yet already through much of English-speaking Canada there have also grown certain common habits of voice and enunciation that lead an alien or a cosmopolitan to speak of a Canadian accent. How far that is a satisfactory evidence of a Canadian national culture one need not attempt to say.

If for the time being the western melting-pot contains some refractory ores, the peopling of the west has nevertheless been a positive factor of preëminent importance in the growth of a Canadian national consciousness. It has often been pointed out that the people of the seaboard United States first developed a genuine consciousness of nationhood as they and their sons mingled in the work of westward expansion. The Canadian west was similarly a national tonic to the several sections of eastern Canada. Not only were the rank and file of settlers drawn in large numbers from scattered parts of the old Provinces, but even a larger proportion of the cultural as well as the political leaders of the new communities came thence, notably teachers, preachers and other professional classes. The predominant elements in shaping the basic pattern of prairie life were thus eastern Canadian in origin. In the west they found themselves, along with newcomers from other lands, blended into a community that was all-Canadian in its background. Sectionally sensitive and even jealous though it may have become, it is yet in some respects already more broadly national than any other section of the Dominion.

II

In any discussion of the bases of Canadian sectionalism it would never do to leave unmentioned the Laurentian Shield, that great broken area of rock and muskeg and forest that girds Hudson Bay like a broad horseshoe, its southern edge fringing the St. Lawrence valley, the upper Great Lakes and the Mackenzie basin. Its redoubtable qualities as a barrier difficult to penetrate or to pass and the distance which it interposes between the thickly settled areas of eastern Ontario and the prairies certainly are obstacles to cultural no less than to political unity in Canada.

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One might expect from a casual inspection of the map that our prairies would be a part of the northwestern United States. That they are not so is accounted for in large part by the character of that very Laurentian Shield. Its resources in fur lured the early French onward, particularly along its southern fringe, where a network of rapid and rough waterways and the ready availability of materials for making and mending the birch-bark canoes combined to make a far-reaching fur trade possible on profitable terms. What we have commonly thought of as a barrier thus actually drew the French westward, and after them the Nor'westers, till the whole Northwest, and finally, by a leap across the Rockies, the Pacific coast as well, had been drawn into a transcontinental commercial system. Our metropolitan communities east and west have been expanding their cultural resources in the way of libraries, schools, and universities, and establishing art galleries and museums at a rate and on a scale which would be impossible but for the fortunate tapping of the forest and mineral resources of the Laurentian Shield.

This north has caught the imagination of the public as well as its speculative interest. The presence of a common frontier, common consciousness of a common hinterland, this time with a similar type of life from Labrador to the Mackenzie, has become a factor tending to unify the economic and social outlook of the country and its cultural interests and attitudes. We may be slow to fly between our cities, but for the men who are opening the north habitual flying has made it a narrow region from east to west. The summer habit of vacationing in the north brings it close to many city-dwellers. Such activities as the 'Frontier College' and the home missionary enterprises of the several churches in the north country, as earlier in the west, tend to broaden outlooks both on the frontier and in the older settled regions. The opening of the north has become a national adventure in which Canadians as a whole vicariously share.

III

The north is also particularly associated with what has been recognized by the world beyond Canada as the most vigorous and at the same time the most nationally expressive achievement of Canadian culture. The exploitation of the resources of the Laurentian Shield was just beginning when the area was also discovered as a distinctively Canadian asset by a number of Canadian painters. Hitherto Canadian painting had been generally derivative, imitative of European models not only in technique and basic principles, which was all very well, but in subject matter and in the manner of seeing it. In those cases where the subject matter was unmistakably Canadian it was generally local, sectional, rather than close to larger aspects of Canadian life. Admittedly the north country discovered by the painters of the Group of Seven is not the whole of Canada but it comprises the one regional type of landscape both distinctively Canadian and at the same time familiar to the knowledge or to the imagination of the great majority of Canadians.

At the Empire Exhibition at Wembley a few years after the War the Ca-

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nadian paintings shown there, which were strongly marked by the point of view of the new Group, were greeted with enthusiasm as the first and vigorous flowering of a national Canadian art. Throughout Canada, young artists caught the point of view and looked for scenery which they could present as obviously Canadian. The picture-buying public became hospitable, and collections of paintings by Dutch painters no longer were the hallmark of Canadian connoisseurship. In short, here was now a typically Canadian way of seeing the kind of landscape most peculiar to the country and thus appropriately subject-matter for a distinctively Canadian style or school of landscape painting. It set the pattern of painting; at least it influenced the artist's usual approach among all but the more conservative artists on the one hand and the more independently individual on the other from sea to sea.

The obvious Canadianism so prominent in recent developments among artists has been accompanied by a rapid growth in popular interest and appreciation. Public art galleries were virtually non-existent in Canada a generation ago. Interest in pictures was largely confined to those who could afford to be private collectors, and the man in the street looked upon art as an interest for the wealthy who could afford thus to flatter themselves by posing as patrons of art, and for women's clubs and dilettantes. Now not only have we numerous public galleries in our larger centers of population, but many smaller places display a growing interest in the traveling exhibitions that have become available to them.

In artistic productiveness, then, and also in the growth of a public with powers of appreciation and critical discrimination, there is promise for art in Canada. Without doubt we still have too many Philistines among us. As a pioneer and exploiting society we are so intent on grasping material advantage that we have little attention to spare for the analytical observation and criticism of our environment and life that are involved in artistic effort and appreciation. But while there is still room for improvement, it is fair to say that in the field of art, which throughout the ages has been recognized as one of the soundest criteria of the culture of a civilization, Canada already has won a fair measure of distinctiveness and even of distinction. On this side Canadian culture is already truly national.

So much for Canadian painting. With regard to the other arts less can be said in this connection. As for architecture, while there are local traditions of charm and distinction they have no elements that can readily be perceived which deserve to be called national except in the sectional sense of that term as we find it sometimes employed in Quebec. Canadian sculpture is competent and some of it is progressively modern as well as distinguished, but it can hardly be said to have distinctive national characteristics. In music there has been some notable progress both in performance and in appreciation, but the audience and the atmosphere for creative work by Canadians are still largely lacking.

IV

It is literature that usually seems to be in the minds of those who lament the sectionalism of Canadian culture.

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Here, truly, the cleavage between French and English Canadian cuts deep. Not only the languages but those sides of the cultural outlook which are expressed most naturally in literature keep the two groups apart. Yet, paradoxically, perhaps the greatest Canadian work of fiction of the last generation was written by a visitor from the old world, was written in the French language, and its scene was laid on the northern frontier of French Canada. It is true that *Maria Chapdelaine* is sectional in its local color, but one may question whether that fact makes it a work of merely sectional literature. The interest is focused sharply on a particular community, but in the telling of the story the universality of its essential values is vividly as well as concretely realized. That the locale is a French-Canadian community, semi-medieval in some of its ways and shepherded by its curé, is only incidental to the larger issues of the tale. For in those you have the essence of the problems of the pioneer who 'makes land' and who, with his family, must face, personally or vicariously, the perils confronting those who probe the deeper wilderness.

Reading this novel in English translation many Canadians in far separated parts of this Dominion must have felt that here was pictured in enduring form that indomitable pioneering spirit which had made a national home from sea to sea for a Canadian people. Here, indeed, was a national as well as a sectional epic.

When we shall have achieved an extensive genuinely national literature, if we ever do, one wonders if many of its greatest stories are not likely to deal with particular localities. Is it after all subject matter that determines the difference between sectional and national literature? Is it not rather such circumstances as the author's background, experience and personality, the point of view and the breadth of his outlook as well, of course, as his literary skill? If these are such that the nation claims him, then he is theirs. From the early years of Confederation occasional writers have been accepted as nationally Canadian. Many writers now approach their task with Canadian rather than with provincial feeling. Today we have novelists as well as poets whose names are widely known as Canadians. But it must be admitted that as yet there is not a very large body of literature that can be called Canadian in a truly national sense.

The question as to whether or when we shall have a literature generally accepted as not merely written in Canada or about Canada or by Canadians but deserving to be called Canadian because it reflects and is the product of a genuinely national Canadian culture is not most critically a question of sectional versus national influences. It depends much more upon whether we are able to achieve a distinctly literary culture finding its reflection in a distinctive national literature, in the face of the powerful pull exerted upon Canadian writers by the colossal outside market for their wares, which has tended to dominate their point of view, and the constant pressure upon our reading public imposed by the outpourings of British and more especially American presses, which still provide most of our reading matter. Has, indeed, a national Canadian culture, assuming

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that it can surmount measurably the sectional barriers within the country, really any chance in the face of such external influences? The answer to that question is tied up with the larger issue of Canadian nationality itself.

V

We are sometimes told that we were too long subordinated to British power and influences and that these unnecessarily cramped Canadian development. Undoubtedly in some ways the country could not mature while still in political tutelage, but such tutelage was a necessary condition to the eventual realization of national status. Even assuming the possibility, in the face of former United States expansionist attitudes, of acquiring complete political autonomy at a much earlier date than it was secured, it can be argued that our society must still have remained largely in a pioneer condition well through the nineteenth century and by premature political maturity would have lost in cultural growth as much as it might have gained in independence of spirit. A new society develops culturally in large part by the migration of culture from older centers, and that process in the case of Canada was consciously speeded by the assistance of British backing and sometimes leadership.

As for the shadow of American domination, there is no doubt that our two societies, living side by side under modern conditions, are bound to become in many respects more and more alike. Yet in some essentials this threat to Canadian cultural identity is less than it used to be. In numerous ways Canadian identity is being recognized and promoted. The development since the War of a distinctively Canadian news service, the success of a growing number of definitely Canadian magazines, the adoption of a national system of control of radio broadcasting in response to public demand, the recent establishment and the growth of numerous Dominion-wide organizations in the various professions and in connection with libraries, museums and universities, the setting up of such autonomous Canadian organizations in the religious field as the Students' Christian Movement and the Student Volunteer Movement—these and similar developments all reflect a growing tendency on the part of Canadians to foster a distinctive Canadian national culture while at the same time retaining cordial relations beyond our borders.

A growing national consciousness expressing itself in such manner gives promise of larger cultural achievement of the sort that will deserve to be called national. But we cannot afford to forget that the enrichment of general Canadian culture and the heightening of Canadian cultural achievement demands more than enthusiasm for Canada. Self-criticism, free and frank and applying universal criteria, is required in increasing doses. It is not enough to say 'Better because Canadian.' That is usually not candid criticism but wishful thinking. And unless we would narrow the scope as well as lower the standard of Canadian culture we must continue to be hospitable to the best cultural influences from every land. Certainly in questions of culture a short-sighted isolationism would be a counsel of defeat.

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Three unrelated sketches by an expert on Spain, a Chinese journalist and a Hungarian novelist deal with the attitudes of the Spaniard to money, the Chinese to marriage and a dictator's 'doubles' to their job.

Attitudes

I. Salud y Pesetas

By George Young

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

'*Salud y Pesetas*'—'health and riches'—is an old Spanish greeting. Like everything else in Spain it is today split into two hostile halves. *Salud* is the password of the proletariat and of the peasantry fighting in the Popular Front for a happier, healthier society, while *Pesetas* are the palladium of a ruling class fighting for the prescriptive privileges of private property. For this civil war is not only for a decision as between dictatorship and democracy. It has to determine whether the welfare of the many or the wealth of the few is to be the ruling consideration, and whether the old propertied and privileged interests or the new proletarian institutions are to be the new ruling class. To make any guess as to which of these will win in Spain, it is useful to check observation from academic altitudes by occasionally getting an ear down to the ground.

Such a listening post has been this village. Lying just behind the Motril-Mulhacen front in the wild mountains of the Alpujarras, it was chosen by the University Unit as a good center for a hospital to which to bring down wounded, frost-bitten and disabled militia from the mountain front, sometimes as much as three hours away by mule-litter. At first sight the village was only rather more dirty and dilapidated than such a poverty-stricken pueblo usually is, but underneath *salud* was dominant and *pesetas* down. The whole population lived rent free and was rationed—receiving a

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meal from the communal kitchen with bread, sometimes wine and sometimes oranges, etc., according to supplies. It was all recruited either for war or work, not for wages.

And did they like it? The young men mostly did; the older women almost without exception did not. The children clearly did, for they got better food and more fun—very irregular cavalry galloping through the streets, lorry loads of militia roaring along the high road, the bark of mountain guns and the snarl of machine-guns in the hills and occasionally picnics in the caves when there was a scare that the Moors were coming.

The aged clearly didn't do so well. The old woman we found on a high pass weeping beside an aged and dying horse foundered under a broken cart might have served as a symbol of an age that was dying. The age that was coming to be—as yet in its 'teens—had gone to get help from a government lorry.

II

The same civil war between *salud* and *pesetas* was at work in the mind of each man and woman. For example, there was the commandant, a young professional officer of the better class and of some education, loyal to the new régime and leading very competently his very rough but very ready brigade against the disciplined Germans and Italians and the dashing *Requetes*. But did he like it? He did not. Since all grades save the highest and lowest had been abolished, how could there be any proper promotion or pay?

The fighting of his militia, first against the militarist mutineers, then against the Moors and now against the German and Italian contingents was magnificent, but it wasn't war. Men alone could not win against money. A restoration of the *status quo ante bellum* was the best that could be hoped for by all professional men like himself. He didn't believe in principle, but—oh!—he did in interest.

Then there was another type, that of the young doctor, an intellectual and an idealist. Taken prisoner last autumn, stood against a wall and shot with thirty others, he was only knocked out by a head wound and coming to at night crawled from under the heap of dead and got away. He is all for a Brave New World, but it is a world of his own—a sane and sanitary world—a world of *salud* but a world also of *pesetas*. Of *pesetas* not in cash but in credit: a government of doctors, by doctors, for doctors. The Capitalist is to be replaced by the Commissar, and the Scientist with his munitions is to be sovereign instead of servant. *Salud* no doubt there would be. But there, too, would be *pesetas* in the insidious form of personal power over the bodies and souls of others.

Last, but not least—there, in the hospital kitchen, was Emilia. After the Pancho Villa Battalion of Malaga 'Reds' had raided the village last July and expressed their idea of *salud* by wrecking the water-closets in the better-class houses, there descended from Granada a gang of 'Blue' *Requetes* to reëstablish the divine right of the *peseta* by shooting the more politically active of the villagers. Among them was Emilia's husband and now that the village is 'Red' again, in her quality of war widow she has been given the honorable and comfortable post of hospital kitchenmaid.

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Does she like it? She does not. A handsome woman of marked personality, her mind is a little below the angels and a little above the animals. Her ideas are those of an aborigine and her idiom the worst dialect of the Alpujarras. But one thing is clear: she does not hold with all these goings-on. Not because they have killed her husband, decimated and half demolished the village, brought back the Moors and driven out the priest —but because she isn't paid any wages.

'Why do you want wages, Emilia?' I asked. 'You live rent free and the Alcalde has had your house repaired. You have rations free and more than you ever ate before. Your work here is easier and more amusing than when you were a washerwoman.' Yes, Emilia agreed that was so. 'Then isn't *salud* better than *pesetas?*' I asked. To which she replied, '*Salud* is *pesetas.*'

So that was that. If Emilia is right, then Tweedledum will win once again. And if she is wrong and is on this matter on the side of the animals rather than the angels—then it will be the turn of Tweedledee. But, like many wiser people, she is, I think, wrong.

British Universities Field Hospital,
Cordova Front.

II. Cupid in China

By T. S. Young

From *China Weekly Review*, Shanghai English-Language Daily

CUPID in China is not a legendary figure represented by a wingéd boy armed with a bow and arrows, but an ordinary human being who eats rice and pork as any other Chinese. Cupid in Western countries is a God of Love, but as we condemn such sensuous passion as love, we have never had a God of Love, although we have worshipped deities of the hundred and one different appellations. The specialty of our Cupid—the match-maker—is not to instill love into the hearts of young persons, but to bring strange boys and equally strange girls together to live as husbands and wives for the sole purpose of bringing forth offspring.

The task seems to be simple enough, but in practice it often proves tedious. For in China girls, like commodities, must be 'purchased' even in marriage and a match-maker must use appropriate tactics in negotiating the price and in closing the deal. And he takes a prominent part in the ceremonies of betrothal and wedding, and must also affix his signature to the marriage certificate. He is indeed indispensable to our institution of marriage.

Now that our boys and girls are free to mix together and have plenty of chances to seek their own mates, the match-maker appears to be superfluous. But in spite of the emancipation of our womanhood and the growing popularity of the imported Cupid among our young people, we cannot yet dispense entirely with the match-maker's services.

Our modern youths, who have chosen their own mates and arranged the terms of marriage themselves, still find it appropriate to invite their inti-

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mate friends to act as their match-makers, so as to make believe that their marriages are not of their own making and contrary to tradition. We simply cannot accept any match as being proper without the participation of a match-maker. Therefore, even in the so-called 'modern' marriages, a match-maker still serves a useful purpose for the sake of form, if for nothing else.

I sometimes wonder what would have become of our society in the past if there had been no match-makers. We need not go very far back to seek their *raison d'être*, and we can easily realize their usefulness by imagining ourselves living in pre-Revolutionary days, when young girls were shut up in their homes like caged birds, when there was no opportunity for social intercourse between sexes, when marriage was regarded not as a result of love but as a natural episode of life, and when women were considered as nothing more than 'machines of reproduction.' As such, our women were bought and sold through the good offices of match-makers, who played the rôle of a salesman in the marriage mart. But for their services, China would not be able to boast of such a large population as she has today. Even now, when 'love' looms very big in the minds of young persons, marriages are still being promoted and arranged by match-makers in nine cases out of ten.

II

In China, our first care for our children is not their education but their mates. Right after their birth we immediately solicit the kind assistance of our numerous friends in finding suitable mates for them. We do not sleep at night if our children are not mated soon after reaching maturity. Some early birds go so far as to engage their children while the latter are yet in swaddling clothes, for they believe that the earlier their children are betrothed, the sooner their anxiety is over.

As for the children, why should they know anything about these matters, since in our parlance a young man's marriage is not called his marrying a wife, but his parents' taking in a daughter-in-law?

Match-makers, like salesmen, cannot be expected to tell nothing but the truth in carrying on their 'trade.' In their anxiety to consummate the 'sales,' they naturally have to use effective sales talks to assail the weak spots of human nature. In the days when photography was not known in China the match-maker used his glib tongue to portray the beauty of a girl. It often happened that his peerless beauty finally turned out to be a cripple. Since there was no way of disproving the allegations of a match-maker, even the less credulous parents had to accept them. An enterprising match-maker might bring with him a girl's satin slipper to testify to the small size of her 'golden lily,' when small feet were the fashion of the day; but who could tell if it was not her grandmother's? As a matter of fact, we had to be content with whatever information was supplied by a match-maker, for we could not afford to incur his displeasure. Thanks to the invention of photography, we can now demand a girl's picture at the time of match-making. But even then, the bride on the wedding night sometimes proves to be a different girl from the one represented by the picture.

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Gross and willful misrepresentation on the part of match-makers is indeed condemnable; but on second thought, we must admit that their misrepresentation is sometimes justified. If they should be honest enough to conceal nothing, how could the pock-marked, hare-lipped and hunch-backed girls find husbands? Anyhow, why should we care about the physical defects of a girl, when we have been taught to look at our wives not as ornaments but as 'machines of reproduction?'

Pock-marked, hare-lipped or hunch-backed girls will serve our purpose just as well as the beauties, so long as they are prolific. And we can always find consolation in our fatalism. When an alleged beauty turns out to be deaf and dumb, we contend that it is an act of God and has nothing to do with the mischief of a match-maker.

Women are no doubt better match-makers than men, for they can not only make direct approaches to the mothers of eligible girls and boys, but they also have leisure hours at their disposal to make contacts. They can afford to spend days and nights in promoting marriages and bargaining either over the tea-cups or across the mah-jongg tables. Besides, their intuition, patience and talkativeness give them an advantage over men in the art of match-making. I believe that most of our marriages have been promoted by women. But so far we have not given them much credit for playing this important rôle, for our customs have compelled them to remain in the background to pull the strings.

Eventually, I believe, the female match-makers will come out in the open to stand side by side with male match-makers in officiating at marriage ceremonies.

III

While we generally refrain from meddling in the affairs of others, we do not observe that principle in match-making. We are always prepared to spend time and effort in seeking eligible boys and girls, in making investigations and inquiries, in putting our shoulder to the task of match-making. As match-makers, we are too realistic to bother much about such an abstract thing as the happiness of marriage. We would consider any marriage a highly successful one if male children can be produced in profusion. As sterile women are scarce, most of our marriages are pronounced successful. Should a woman not be able to bring forth a male child, it is not the fault of a match-maker, for no match-maker can guarantee the productivity of any woman. But even this misfortune can be easily repaired by the taking of a concubine.

There are good reasons why we are willing to be match-makers. Sometimes, for the sake of friendship, we have to oblige our friends by promoting a match between a boy of one friend and a girl of another. We believe that we can render no greater service to our friends than to find mates for their children. This service, moreover, is mutual; when we serve our friends, we expect them to serve us in the same way.

Aside from the motive of friendship, many of our people seek pecuniary gains from match-making. They are the professional match-makers, usually women of the lower class. As their primary object is to get the remuner-

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ation for their services, they naturally will not give any thought to the suitability of the matches they arrange. It goes without saying that the happiness and welfare of many of our boys and girls have been annually sacrificed by these artful and self-centered professionals.

Still others play the rôle of a match-maker for religious reasons. They believe that match-making is a good deed, and that any one who can succeed in promoting three matches will be rewarded by Heaven. Finally, some of our aspiring politicians also become match-makers to advance their careers. It is said that the easiest way to win a political job or a promotion is to arrange a match between the children of two high officials. It is an open secret that quite a few of our officials have secured fat political jobs in this way.

Thanks to these match-makers, whatever their motives may be, every man in China has been able to secure a wife; and a 'machine of reproduction,' no matter how defective its outward appearance, can always find a purchaser in the marriage mart.

III. Decoys for the Dictator

By Jolán Földes

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

THE Leader's Palace had four portals. Whenever he was to appear at a celebration, a parade or an inauguration, the four portals were flung open at the same instant and from each sped a luxurious black sedan. In each sat a mustached Leader. The four cars would take different routes but at last they would converge at the place where the Leader was expected. The Great Man, of course, sat only in one of the sedans, for not even a dictator can sit in four different cars at the same time. The occupants of the other three, who resembled him so closely, were merely decoys.

At the moment the decoys had no official duties to perform. They were playing cards in a little room with small windows. From time to time they yawned; for they had been playing cards for years and had grown rather tired of each other.

A male servant came and placed beer bottles in front of two of them; the third one received a glass of brandy. This amazed the other two and the one who had formerly been a detective asked:—

'I thought you always drank beer?'

'I don't get beer any more,' he answered gloomily. He had formerly been a policeman. His eyes followed the servant, then he added: 'I am getting fat.'

'What does that matter?' asked the third, who had been a soldier. 'We don't really look like him anyhow.'

'That's not the point,' the detective declared, opening his bottle of beer. 'Even if we don't resemble him, the nose and the long mustache are very important just the same. You cannot distinguish very well who is in a closed car when it drives at such a speed. The face of the passenger can be glimpsed only for a second. But nevertheless . . . if one gets fatter, the profile

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changes.' He looked around to see whether his two companions appreciated his educated language. The policeman nodded.

'The Chief of Police explained all that to me when he summoned me. I was picked, he said, because of my mustache and because I am so reliable.'

'My colonel chose me,' the soldier said, and took a long gulp. 'At that time I didn't wear a mustache. I only grew it for this job.'

'You dye it, too!' said the detective sarcastically.

'Certainly I dye it,' the soldier mumbled. 'My colonel chose me because my nose answered the requirements and because I worshipped the dictator.'

'I worshipped him too,' said the policeman.

The detective looked at them reproachfully.

'Do you mean to say that you no longer worship him?'

'Of course we do.' The soldier corrected himself with over-zealous haste.

'Why, naturally!' the policeman said and added:—

'We certainly are well off. Pleasant job and doubled salary. Before, I had the hardest job on the force.' He put down the cards, because they had broken up the game anyway, took a sip of brandy and wiped his mustache. 'I was on duty in the worst section of the city, among drunks, thieves and burglars.'

'My job was very hard, too,' the soldier said, 'getting up early, marching a lot, drills. . . . And then the food was bad.' He reflected for a moment and smiled. 'But I liked it just the same. There were so many of us; we had a lot of fun. . . .'

The policeman was no longer listening. He, too, was thoughtful, and his eyes sparkled.

'In my district there was one particularly tough fellow. They called him "Red." I was the only one who could handle him. I wonder who is looking after him now.'

The detective also became talkative. 'It is a shame that we have been so completely removed from our old environment. I had to take my mother to the country.'

'That's where my wife and my children are,' said the policeman. 'I wish I could see them oftener.'

'My people live in the country. I don't care,' the soldier said. 'I never saw a great deal of them. What I miss mostly are the other fellows.'

'But the job is easy and you get a good salary,' the detective reminded them again.

'The colonel promised me,' the soldier boasted, 'that I would be promoted when I return.'

'Me too,' said the policeman, and took another sip. 'If I return at all. . . .'

The others shuddered. They didn't like to talk about that possibility. After the first three months of fear they had grown used to things. They sat in the closed black cars quite indifferently and thought of other things. Once there had been an attempt on the dictator. That had been several years ago, and from that time on the three decoys and the four cars had been employed. Nothing had happened since then.

'One day something might happen,' the soldier grumbled.

'Then one of us will be bumped off,' the policeman, who was not permitted to drink beer, declared.

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Again the detective took on an official air. 'Why one of us? It can be he himself, just as well.'

'Hm. . . .' The soldier was doubtful. 'Don't forget that his route is better guarded.'

'Nobody ever knows which route the Leader will choose,' the detective objected. 'He never makes his decision until the last minute, you know.'

'That's true,' the soldier admitted. Deep gloom overcame him again.

They were silent for a while, engrossed in their drinks. The policeman looked into the distance.

'I would return to my old precinct,' he said quietly, 'and I would take my wife and the kids back home.'

'I know the other fellows would be glad to have me back,' the soldier was thinking aloud. 'What a lot of fun we used to have every night in the barracks! One of the men, "Clumsy" we used to call him, was usually the victim.'

'I would become an inspector,' the detective muttered. 'I would have my own department.'

'I would buy a house,' said the policeman. 'I have saved enough, but for the moment that will have to wait.'

'I would marry,' the detective said dreamily. 'I have a girl. She has money, and she is pretty. . . . If I were an inspector, her parents would consent.'

They became silent. The soldier whistled softly. Suddenly the door was opened abruptly and a guard entered.

'You can all go home,' he said. 'The Leader has a severe headache. Come back in two days.'

The three decoys jumped from their seats. 'Thank heaven!'

Hastily they took their hats and coats and hurried out. This time they didn't have to drive out in the black sedan, each one through a different gate.

G. B. S.

I am old: over eighty in fact. Also I have a white beard; and these two facts are somehow associated in people's minds with wisdom. That is a mistake. If a person is a born fool, the folly will get worse, not better, by a long life's practice.

—G. B. Shaw in the *Listener*, London

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

We Get Used to Atrocities Because—

*you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs
everyone knows the Teutons love cruelty
everyone knows the Latins are callous
everyone knows the Slavs are uncivilized
it's just fox-hunting on a large scale
we've got our own troubles
we learn they never touch women
of course, many of the photographs are faked
the Jews expect it
*you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs
after all, what's the League of Nations for?
they probably get better food in concentration camps than they would at home
it doesn't do to think about it
there are so many accidents on the roads
we've got our own troubles
you really can't have the natives revolting
it's very interesting psychologically
you have to apply different standards
the weaklings must go to the wall
*you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs
our navy wasn't strong enough anyway.
the people themselves don't complain
we mustn't let our emotions get the better of us
they can't be as horrible as some of the murders in the Sunday paper
it brings people back to Church
what can you expect after all they've been through?
it's the only language those people understand
they've been away from women so long
you young people are too soft
*you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs
anyhow it has saved the country from Communism
anyhow it has saved the country from Fascism
they can always get out if they don't like it
a good many of us have been through the War
half these stories are grossly exaggerated
the British Government doesn't seem to mind
of all the detective stories
you can't go meddling in the internal affairs of another nation
some people are bound to suffer
*you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs
it's nothing like as bad as the
Black Hole of Calcutta,
the Armenian Massacres, the Ku Klux Klan,
St. Bartholomew's Eve, the French Revolution, the Turkish Atrocities, the Inquisition
we mustn't lose all sense of proportion
they've built good roads and
their trains start on time
after all, they *were* traitors to the State
you can't alter human nature
ideals are all very well
it isn't as if one could do anything about it
it's better to fight than to sit idle at home
it can't go on for ever
it couldn't happen here

—Marghanita Laski in *Time and Tide*, London

That's China

Try to restrain him, and he'll sulk; fondle him, and he'll become spoiled and audacious; do nothing, and he'll howl at you like a dog. That's China.

Until the professional politicians and professional soldiers are wiped out in China, all the talk about friendship won't get us anywhere.

—*Dai Shinkyo Nippo*

China is up to her old tricks again. As long as her policy of befriending distant nations and of antagonizing her neighbors continues, we can't hope for any peace in the Orient any more than we can catch larks unless the sky falls.

Nazi Immunity

In the Germany of the Weimar Republic the immunity of the members of the Reichstag and of the legislative bodies of the German States was a highly controversial issue. Under the Constitution of 1919, a deputy was liable to prosecution only with the consent of the legislative body, except when he was caught in a criminal act. This rule is still applicable to the members of the present make-believe Reichstag. It has, however, by Nazi interpre-

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tation, been greatly extended, with the result that hundreds of thousands of so-called 'officials' of the National Socialist party are not amenable to the ordinary courts, even for acts that are clearly in violation of the National Socialist criminal law.

—*National-Zeitung*, Basel

East and West

I have said, in my haste, that Westerners are seriously humorous, while we Chinese are humorously serious, and that they are better acquainted with the misery of being funny, while we are better acquainted with the fun of being miserable.

—*T'ien Hsia Monthly*, Shanghai

How They Laughed

Characteristically, the German Embassy in London sends out its invitations in German and in a very difficult Gothic script. Rumor has it that the Iraqi Legation replied in Arabic! Some day I hope a full record of Ribbentrop's adventures in this country will be written. He is the most efficient of anti-Nazi propagandists.

The following story was actually related by somebody who was present on the occasion. An energetic and outspoken lady, sitting near Ribbentrop at a dinner party, said, 'Your Excellency, I think you are the worst Ambassador Germany has ever sent to England. You have no sense of humor.' Ribbentrop replied, 'I assure you that you are quite wrong. I have an excellent sense of humor. Indeed, I am very proud of it. You should see me and the Führer at Berchtesgaden, rolling over and over on the ground together, roaring with laughter when one of us makes a joke.'

New Statesman and Nation, London

We Understand

In an interview with one of our reporters Colonel de La Rocque [the French Fascist leader] made the following statement in regard to the Tukhachevsky trial in Moscow: 'I have nothing but abhorrence for a country so implacable toward officers who have plotted against it.'

—*Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

Tolerant Englishmen

Mr. Harold Nicolson said to the House of Commons that his experience in living with families of the £400 and £500-a-year type in France, Italy and Germany showed that their housewives had infinitely higher and greater experience in regard to nutrition values. He did not accuse the English housewife of being lazy or ignorant, but put it down to the fact that the English husband was extraordinarily good-natured and tolerant.

'If a French husband was "fobbed" off with the suppers that an English husband gets there would be trouble.'

—*Morning Post*, London

'The flowers that bloom . . . tra-la . . .'

A régime is democratic, if, according to an iron rule, its best and ablest subjects are called to the fore. That is undoubtedly the case in Germany. Here, the flower of the nation has succeeded to power and our entire people has become one big community.

—Dr. Goebbels

Sidelight on the Paris Exposition

It will probably be no surprise to the French if we disclose that strange things have been going on in the Soviet Pavilion. A propaganda film has been running there showing not only the major events of the Revolution but also many heroes, statesmen, writers, organizers and soldiers. Lately the film has been getting shorter all the time; one hero after another was cut out because in the meantime he had been unmasked as a 'Fascist dog' and had accordingly died a 'dog's death.' When Tukhachevsky and a few others had to be taken out the film suffered another significant cut. Another month and there will be nothing left.

—Friedrich Sieburg in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*

Ducean Invective

When Signor Mussolini compared British and French journalists to 'hyenas in human form' who 'threw themselves on the pure blood of Italian youth as if it were whisky,' he treated us to another dose of that majestic dictatorial writing which sways the masses like anything and is the envy of all barbarous democrats. And now he cannot use the word 'hyena' for another month.

A list of contemptible animals, with which he may compare the human objects of his wrath, is always at the Duce's elbow. The

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Invective Secretary of the Fascist Party ticks off each one as he uses it, and sees that it has a rest for a month—otherwise some foul snake might cast doubts on the Duce's command of language.

'There is no danger of a shortage,' the Secretary once said to me, 'even in bad times. If we ran out of real animals, we would fall back on fabulous ones, like gorgons, basilisks and cockatrices. By the way, what do you think of "loathsome scorpions which lurk in the garbage pits of Bolshevik thought?"'

'Pretty hot,' I said.

'We think it pretty hot ourselves,' beamed the Secretary.

—*Daily Herald*, London

Windsor's Horoscope

Cheiro (Count Louis Hamon) in his *World Predictions*, published in 1927, wrote of the then Prince of Wales that owing to the peculiar planetary influences to which he is subjected, 'he would fall a victim of a devastating love affair, and that he would give up everything, even the chance of being crowned, rather than lose the object of his affection.'

Much earlier, in 1905, the Hon. Ralph Shirley, uncle of Lord Ferrers, and former editor of the *Occult Review*, predicted by astrology that the late King 'would not come to the throne, or if he did, that he would be rapidly succeeded by his brother.'

A large number of astrologers predicted that the Duke of York would come to the throne in middle life. Mr. Robson, in 1923, said: 'It should not be a matter for surprise if events conspire to bring the Duke of York to the throne in middle life, especially when it is remembered that strange third house events (*i.e.* relating to brothers) are foreshadowed by Saturn's conjunction with Uranus and Mercury's opposition to Neptune.' (Printed in *Modern Astrology*.)

—*Facts*, London

G. B. S. and Gas Masks

Captain L. C. Schlotel, an anti-gas expert, speaking at Plymouth about air-raid precautions, said: 'It is difficult to fit bearded men with gas masks, and should an emergency arise, those with beards more than a hand long might be faced with the alternative of either cutting their beards off or being gassed.'

In connection with this lecture a London newspaper got in touch with a number of prominent bearded men to ask what they would do in such a dilemma.

'I would take a chance,' George Bernard Shaw retorted. 'Under no circumstances would I part with my beard. Particularly since my feelings toward gas masks are, on the whole, rather cool. I just don't like them. I have never had a shave in my life and I am firmly determined to stick to this principle in the future. I haven't the slightest intention of changing my habits.'

—*Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna

Though There Was No Law. . . .

The Criminal Division of the Hanseatic Higher Court sentenced several former functionaries and members of the Communist Party to from two to six years at hard labor because they had tuned in a Moscow broadcast. It was held that *though there was no law* forbidding the tuning in of Moscow yet such an action could be regarded as attempted treason.

—*Frankfurter Zeitung*

Precautious Russians

'As we were saying goodbye to the members of the North Pole Expedition, their leader took me to one side and said: "I wish you would photograph us, paying particular attention to our gray hair. I got gray during the Civil War, and Shirshov when he was still young. We want you to photograph us right here and now so people will not say later that we turned gray from going to the North Pole!"'

—*Izvestia*, Moscow

The Uses of Books

Books are serviceable objects. You can press flowers in them. You can stand on them (if they are obese enough) to put vases on brackets. And they often look quite nice lying about. That personal opinion of my own is, I am glad to see, confirmed by an eminent firm of London booksellers, who in their latest catalogue observe of one of the works they offer for sale:—

'No more magnificent ornament could be imagined for the hall of a large mansion than this beautiful volume lying on an old oak table.'

I am sure they are right, and I would buy the book if I could afford the mansion (large) and the oak table.

—Janus in the *Spectator*, London

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Retreat of Britain

THE DEFENSE OF THE EMPIRE. *By Norman Angell. London: Hamish Hamilton. 1937.*

(Wickham Steed in the *Spectator*, London)

SIR NORMAN ANGELL is a national asset. He reminds me of a brainy lady whose younger and less brainy sister once said to her in a tone of mingled horror and reproach: 'I believe you positively *enjoy* thinking.' Sir Norman Angell loves to think and—what is still more repugnant to good, solid British minds—he loves to reason. His attachment to a kind of intellectual nudism verges on the scandalous, for naked thought is one of the few forms of indecency against which up-to-date Britons still revolt. This is what makes him a perpetual iconoclast. Never is he happier than when he can smash idols and preach honesty and purity of thought and deed. His speeches, writings and books are constant antidotes to the sleeping sickness into which comfortable British minds, surrounded by a haze of shibboleths, are prone to fall.

'The Retreat of Britain' is the title of the longest chapter in this stimulating work on *The Defense of the Empire*. Those who with Cassandra-like perspicacity and mournful premonition have watched the course of British policy during the past seven or eight years will read it, if not with joy, at least with strong approval. Sir Norman writes: 'An outsider coming into a room where people have been sitting for some time finds the atmosphere close and foul; says so, to the surprise of those present. The change, because gradual, had been unnoticed. Only when we put the piecemeal surrenders together and estimate the total effect do we realize the significance of the steady British retreat from the discharge of duty and from the path of safety.'

The principal stages in this retreat were Manchuria, Sir John Simon's refusal to coöperate with the United States in upholding the Kellogg Pact and the Nine-Power Treaty in the Far East, the Anglo-German Naval Treaty, the Hoare-Laval proposals and the tragedy of Abyssinia, the yielding to Italy in the Mediterranean and the present failure to uphold either the law of nations or British interests in the Spanish conflict. Sir Norman Angell does not write at random. He quotes chapter and verse in a way that must be disconcerting to certain British Ministers and journals. In one pungent passage he says:—

'When large Italian armies, necessarily at the direct command of the Italian Government, had invaded Spanish territory for the purpose of destroying the government, we might have invoked the principles of the League, which compel us to do what we may to make that kind of aggression difficult, and could have said that this new technique of aggression threatened the security of all legal government everywhere, unless it happens to be of the Fascist or Nazi type. Instead of this, the burden of the recommendation throughout has been for "impartiality," for not taking sides. But to recommend that we be impartial as between the law and those who break it means, again, that we stand for its destruction.'

To this indictment there is no present answer.

But Sir Norman Angell would not be himself were his criticism merely negative. The positive side of it comes both at the beginning and at the end of his book. Asking 'What *is* the Empire?' he shows that it is certainly not the sort of Empire it once was, not a world-wide sphere of British domination, but mainly a Commonwealth of independent democracies under a common Crown which, while 'made up

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of States too obstinately independent to accept any written and rigid Federal Constitution, have nevertheless managed to federalize the function which it is most essential of all to federalize, that of defense.' The world knows, for instance, that if Japan should invade Australia the British Commonwealth as a whole would stand for the defense of that particular member; and Australian resources, human and material, would be available for the defense of Britain and the Commonwealth as a whole although there is no article of any constitution which imposes the obligation.

But what is it that we do defend? We defend a certain order in the world, an order based on the individual freedom which is the essence of democratic institutions and the right of men to have a voice in settling what shall be done with their lives. As Sir Norman writes:—

'One of the strangest spectacles of history is to see young men parading the streets clamantly demanding that the right to dispose of their own lives shall be taken from them; demanding that they shall not even have the right to know the purpose or end for which the Chief, the Duce, the Führer, the Leader, is to send them to die. They are told for instance to destroy Communism as the enemy of their Fatherland; but they are not permitted to know what Communism is, to read its literature, to study its purposes. They must not judge for themselves; the Leader must judge for them. And the demand that this right to know, to decide for themselves, be taken from them is a demand usually made with passionate fanaticism.'

We, however, know that like every other nation in the world we would fight for the right to govern ourselves according to our own way of life and feeling. 'And in the circumstances of the British Commonwealth this means that the defense of the Empire involves the defense of the right of democratic communities to retain their own form of government. To defend "the Empire" makes us, even though against our will, the defenders of democracy, of the right of such democratic communities to organize coöperatively their defense.' If the lesser democratic States are to survive at all, it will be by their capacity for union—a capacity extremely difficult to develop as between democracies. We know that democracy is threatened by the greater power and unity of dictatorships. Any form of combination which increases the defensive power of small nations of a million or two, like New Zealand, or of six millions, like Australia, so as to make a better showing when confronted with dictator-dominated masses of eighty millions or more is assuredly an aid to the defense of democracy which is threatened more seriously now in Europe than it was in Abraham Lincoln's day in America.

Lincoln believed that if the American Union went to pieces democracy would not survive in the Western hemisphere. He took the dread decision to fight rather than allow the Union to be split, because he felt that if American unity went, democracy must go too. The need for union today among the remaining democracies of the older world is fundamentally just as vital. And if we will not fight for it or for any general principle of right, but only to defend our possessions and interests; if we are to be militarist when our 'property' is touched but pacifist when it comes to fighting for a better international order; then it is almost certain that the youth of this country will decide to be pacifist at all times. It may well be, Sir Norman Angell concludes, that for these reasons also collective defense is the only possible defense.

Therefore Sir Norman Angell would have the British Commonwealth help, not hinder, the formation of a Grand Alliance to guarantee peace, to insure the supremacy of third-party judgment in international disputes, and, in effect, to outlaw the war-method of dealing with the affairs of nations. This Alliance should not be

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exclusive. Germany or any other nation could 'join the club by accepting its rules.' Meanwhile the defense of the Empire is the union of democracies in defense of peace.

Brown Terror

Nach Mitternacht. *By Irmgard Keun. Amsterdam: Querido Verlag. 1937.*

(Klaus Mann in the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague)

THOSE of us who are fighting the Third Reich from abroad run the risk of losing contact with German realities. Of course we are still *au courant* with everything that happens in Germany and we are always ready to discover what is new not only from the press but also from eye-witnesses. Nevertheless we do lack direct contact with the German atmosphere. I don't think we are yet strangers to Germany, but we must struggle against that possibility.

A talented woman writer, Irmgard Keun, tells us how things look in the country that is so inaccessible to us today. She stood the Third Reich for a long time and knows it thoroughly. *After Midnight*, the novel which she submits, is distinguished by acute observation and is replete with vivid details. There are countless little everyday things that make us feel that we have witnessed the events she describes with our own eyes.

Miss Keun, whose first novel, *The Artificial Silk Girl*, brought her a large following, is a gifted storyteller. She knows how to present characters and the environment in which they move with such integrity that we seem to breathe the same air with them. Thus she describes a petty bourgeois home, a beer hall, or a masquerade. Everybody seems to be having a good time, so that a pair of English journalists may think that they are justified in telling their readers that one sees only smiling faces in the new Germany, but under the surface there is tension and a premonition of death.

Women often have a peculiarly keen and incorruptible sense of observation. Vicki Baum has that quality. Irmgard Keun also has it. The terrifying and dramatic events that make up the story of *After Midnight* would have been stylized to a much greater extent by a man. The writer, however, remains serene, avoids pathos and maintains throughout the narrative a certain matter-of-fact but strongly suggestive style.

The story is told by a simple woman from a petty bourgeois setting in the provinces who speaks whatever is in her mind. As a rule, I greatly distrust this sort of trick in writing, which makes a virtue out of necessity. Too often, when a critic comments upon the slovenliness, unevenness and clumsiness of a book, the author counters with: 'Of course; but the novel should be slovenly, uneven and clumsy—it was supposed to be written by that kind of a person!' In general, I demand well-written books. But in this case I must confess that the trick is successful.

The girl who tells the story leaves her rural home to visit her brother in Frankfort-on-Main. The brother is a writer, fairly well 'coördinated' and well adjusted to the Blood and Soil movement. But he has not been entirely corrupted. His conscience is still somewhat sensitive. Altogether he is a rather weak character and we see him sink lower and lower into the morass around him. In this brother's house and in the circle of his friends events take place which lead to the climax —to the catastrophe. The atmosphere in which these persons move is tense. It is the atmosphere partly of a prison, partly of an insane asylum. Sinister shadows loom over all the characters. Some are destroyed, others flee and gain freedom and still others become callous and degenerate. Nobody is happy. No one can be happy in a totalitarian Fascist State.

A shudder runs through us as we look and realize: 'Yes, it is so; this is the way these people live their everyday lives; this is exactly how their revels look.' Irmgard Keun has given us a graphic de-

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scription of them. We see what happens when an Aryan girl falls in love with a young man named Aaron. We see the two sitting together in a discreet little café, hiding from the prying eyes of men who guard the race against pollution.

This is an important book, just as important, it seems to me, as the famous documents about the concentration camps, the underground movement, the militant achievements and martyrdom of the German Opposition. For this is also a document, even if it is fiction. In its description of everyday life in the Third Reich we sense the truth—pitiful, shameful and unbearable. And life in Germany must continue to be pitiful, shameful and unbearable until those who see it for what it is do something about it.

Argentine Mosaic

GENTE. *By Max Dickmann. Buenos Aires: Amigos del Libro Rioplatense. 1936.*

(Léon Pradel in the *El Mercurio*, Chile)

GENTE (People) is the title of the latest novel of the Argentine writer, Max Dickmann. The author has parenthesized his work with the subtitle: 'Story of a Generation' and was right to do so, because *Gente* is more than a novel which merely presents a unified plot. It is a vivid picture of our epoch as seen in a big city such as Buenos Aires.

He has written in the present because, as he says, it is absurd to continue living 'with the sentimental equipment with which young Goethe had crossed the Alps.' 'It is true,' he adds, 'the fetishes of a dead culture are useless; but it provides us with a thousand talismans, a thousand new sources of mystery. . . . '

The social significance of the book, its color and its realism, are admirable, bringing to the reader things that are within his own horizon, recalling things he himself has seen and suffered.

Human passions, prejudices, egotisms and generosities, the base and the sublime, are handled by Dickmann with a consummate mastery that is rarely found in authors on this side of the Atlantic. We see the aristocratic types who are chained to their names as to a title of nobility. They are spendthrifts and inordinately proud. They preserve their dignity even when their funds are exhausted, but they never abandon the 'setting' in which they were nurtured. We see the foreign money lender, typified by the ambitious and avaricious Boldini. We see him squeezing the degenerate rich into pulp by demanding payment of their promissory notes.

There is the artist son of a noble family who is inclined to Bohemianism and Socialism. He seeks food for his spirit in the company of the enlightened. He grasps the painter's pallet like another Rodolfo, but longs for the Mimi of his dreams. We meet Dodine, his sweetheart, with her French mannerisms and her longing to be worshipped, waiting hours and hours in her little Parisian style *hotel* for the powerful master who is a generous Mæcenas in love. She was willful, impulsive and insufferable while she lived in abundance and her lover had the means to surround her with luxury; later, abandoned and bankrupt, she attains true nobility as a simple seamstress, facing life with unexpected fortitude. She redeems herself like a true Magdalene.

And so in *Gente* there pass before us life and lives as if they were projected on the screen of a movie. There is the lovable and artful servant who steals cigars and whisky from his master and who enters the maid's room on tiptoe; the gentleman who coaxes the innocent deer into his arms; the first awakening of unconquerable sexual love; the life of the faithful employe and of the unfaithful; tricks, deceits and loyalty; life, death, insanity and happiness. All these form an immense mosaic. We spend a day with humanity in a big city, with its ups and downs, its paradoxes, its mixture of smiles and tears, of truth and falsehood. In this extensive panorama Dickmann has used language

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that is ductile, without pretensions, but of great descriptive power. Like Blasco Ibáñez and others of his school, he has not been subservient to the rules of the Spanish Academy in his search for effective and beautiful expression. He chooses words as we know them here in South America, and with them he builds incomparable periods of a true aestheticism.

These virtues remove from Dickmann's book the artificial tang that robs many American novels of merit. There are novels which, manufactured by the brain and divorced from the world that is, appear to be the products of a laboratory. This author has portrayed life, and in doing so, has written a fine book which entitles him to a place of honor in Spanish-American letters.

Love in Florence

Der Liebesengel: Roman einer Leidenschaft. *By Kasimir Edschmid. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay-Verlag. 1937.*

(F.S. in the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna)

THE background of this novel is Florence, a beautiful setting indeed, so vividly portrayed by Kasimir Edschmid that all those who know the lovely city will see it unfold before their eyes, and those who have not yet been in Florence will feel a burning desire to take the express or better still an airplane and hasten to Tuscany.

All the events of the novel take place in Florence except a few brief interludes on the shore and in the mountains. Nevertheless, the narrative touches a tremendous range of subjects and experiences. The reader makes the acquaintance of strange Englishmen, retired army officers and government officials who live on their pensions in Florence at the house of the aging yet youthful Bolina, a carefree aristocrat to whom they rarely pay their rent. Then there are a number of Russian émigrés, hopelessly homesick and wasting away their time in futile planning. German girls and young men enter the spotlight. Italian scholars, physicians, philosophers, peasants, workers, nurses and eccentrics form a colorful and attractive group of characters.

Slowly, the conflict emerges. Those affected hardly notice it, or notice it too late. In the beginning the reader suspects that the great passion announced in the sub-title will bring together the German girl and the young German architect who is building a villa in Fiesole. The two had had a puppy love affair in their early youth, had exchanged kisses, and the erotic contact of the past is still between them. For Elke, the girl, it is no more than an occasional temptation which she overcomes without great difficulty. For Franzen it means a strong physical desire, which, as a man of culture, he overcomes, though not without effort. Subtly it is shown how these two seem to sense that if they should come together now it would be simply because a chance opportunity presented itself and they reject the cheap temptation. Perhaps they will find each other later, but not here in Florence.

And then there is kindled a sudden spiritual passion between the twenty-five-year-old Elke and the fifty-eight-year-old Bolina. This Italian aristocrat appears as one of the noblest, most generous and intelligent of men. His intellect, however, does not save him from his passion for the young girl. Yet the aging man realizes clearly how impossible is his love for the young girl and thus Bolina as well as Elke recognize in time how tragically such a love must end.

Bolina has two daughters deeply attached to him. But their lives take them so far away that sometimes he can hardly reach them. His is the fate of parents. These two daughters, Lisa and Maumi, are most charming characters to be encountered in any novel. Were we to meet them in real life, we would probably say that only a poet could describe them. It seems certain that Edschmid must have taken Maumi and Lisa from life. Maumi

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resembles her father. She is practical, steady and industrious, but she never gets anywhere with all her talents. Lisa is married, the mother of several children, restless, extravagant, a schemer and, in addition, highly attractive.

There is a super-abundance of personalities in this novel. The four main characters are enmeshed in a multitude of interesting episodes. The Florentine atmosphere seems thoroughly genuine. There are only a few present-day novelists who are so much at home in all countries, in all social strata of international society, in all the fields of economics, science and sport as Edschmid. He knows how to reveal strong emotions without exaggeration and makes use of a wealth of knowledge without ever trying to preach. And always he is so entertaining that it is pure pleasure to read him.

Ariel in the Barracks

CAMP-VOLANT. *By André Fraigneau. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1937.*

(Marcel Arland in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris)

ANDRÉ FRAIGNEAU'S second novel, *Camp-Volant*, is very much better than *L'Irresistible*, the sequel to which it is. It is less torn between two or three tendencies. It is less rambling, less coquettish, less pretentious. Evidently the author has freed himself from the influences around him and has found his true style. His progress, as seen in his transition from the first to the second of his books, corresponds to that which has taken place in his hero. Both the author and his hero seem to have passed through the same significant experience; their voices have grown more even and mature. Yet *Camp-Volant*, while serious, is not heavy. It retains Fraigneau's earlier freshness; but his over-exuberance has been tempered.

The situation in which Guillaume Francoeur, André Fraigneau's hero, finds himself is not of his own choosing. We are introduced to him on the road to Marseilles with a dead bird at his feet (obviously the symbol of his first youth, his liberty). He is pushed into a flock of recruits who are being taken to their training barracks. We follow this Ariel to the barrack-room, to the commissary, to the barber shop and to the quartermaster's. Terrified and revolted, the boy seeks the protection of a friendly major who offers him sanctuary in the army hospital. Francoeur is much happier there but he has to depend on various ruses in order to stay.

In the infirmary, Francoeur helps to bleed patients, reads Pascal, pays a visit to the local bishop and courts a lady. They want to send him back to the barracks. He flees. All this could be very dull but instead it is recounted gracefully, if somewhat naïvely. At times the author overstresses the comic elements in the story. But the thing that adds so much charm to this buffoonery is the fact that it is permeated with the author's, as well as the hero's, personality.

Flight from the military yoke and from the power of the quartermaster is only the negative element in the story. Francoeur does not flee men, but only their distorted customs. He is hardly out of their power, when he begins to think of them again. And being free, he can like them. Once more a small circle forms around him; many big words are spoken and many ridiculous attitudes are struck.

Camp-Volant is full of pleasure and melancholy, impulse and remorse, but above all sincerity. One gets an impression of unusual gentleness and openheartedness. The author has drawn a harlequinesque figure, somewhat similar to those of Watteau. If there is a certain awkwardness, a few tedious places, a few over-poetic phrases and some remnants of indecision—they are only natural in a book which has portrayed so well the idealism of youth.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

INVERTEBRATE SPAIN. *By José Ortega y Gasset. Translation and foreword by Mildred Adams. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 1937. 212 pages. $2.75.*

'IN A nation, when it refuses to follow the directing minority—the nation goes to pieces, society is dismembered and social chaos results. The people as a people are disarticulated and become invertebrate. In Spain we are now living in the midst of an extreme case of this historical invertebration. . . . Our Spanish society is disintegrating because the force that made it a society is infected at the root.'

These words were written by José Ortega y Gasset long before the civil war broke out in Spain. But like many other utterances in this brief collection of his essays, they point directly toward the causes of the tragedy which now engulfs the Spanish people. For those who do not know that noble and long-suffering people this book will serve as an invaluable guide. For every thoughtful person it cannot fail to be an intellectual *pièce de résistance*. Here is one Spaniard with such clarity of vision, such historical perspective and such incisiveness of mind that nothing escapes him of the weakness and the glory that is Spain. Here, too, is one Spanish voice that is calm, sure and forever penetrating. After the confusion of newspaper headlines and the thick fogs of wartime propaganda, American readers should be grateful for this monastic refuge from the storm.

Although the essays are not presented in chronological order, they have been assembled by Miss Mildred Adams in such a manner as to offer a remarkable continuity of thought. Incidentally, as translator, Miss Adams must be credited with a masterly literary achievement, all the more to be admired by those familiar with the intricacies and evasive eloquence of the warm and pulsating Spanish language. Hers is undoubtedly the finest and most accurate translation of Ortega y Gasset that has been published in the United States.

Ortega y Gasset looks at his country with realistic and extraordinarily understanding eyes. His observations are so profoundly true that the longing to quote them at length is difficult to repress. But we cannot afford to disregard his verdict when he says, 'It is the common people who have done everything worth doing, and what they could not do has been left undone.' Unamuno expressed the same conviction when he declared that Spain's illiterate or semi-literate peasants constituted the nation's only aristocracy. And that is why Spain has struggled so painfully and ineffectually to lift herself by her boot straps. The masses, for all their great qualities, have always lacked an élite of leadership. That is also the reason for the author's insistence that any reorganization of Spain must commence with the problems of the land. (It should be noted, in this respect, that the Spanish Republic adopted and adheres to this course, while General Franco dismisses the all-important agrarian dilemma of his country with empty rhetoric.)

In his opening chapter on 'How to Make, and Break, a Nation' Ortega y Gasset sharply criticizes the Spaniard's exaggerated sense of things past—that resignation to a feudal heritage which, for so many generations, has kept millions in poverty, inert and despairing. He called for forward motion, and that plunge ahead into the twentieth century is now under way in Spain, against gigantic odds, yet, for all that, one of the most thrilling spectacles of our times. 'An echo of the past' is no longer enough for Spain's awakened masses. Today, on the plains of Castile an echo of the future is audible above the explosion of rebel shells.

And yet, as this great philosopher knows only too well, the dawn of a new Spain must still lie in the uncertain future, whoever may win in the present conflict. For Spanish individualism still resembles the hard granite of its native hills; the nation is still 'a series of watertight compartments' and pride is still 'our national passion, our greatest sin.' Must Spaniards yet suffer the cruel strait-jacket of Fascism before national unity becomes a reality? That may prove to be the case, but it will not dissuade Ortega y Gasset from the conviction that Fascism 'is a result and not a beginning, a form of strategy and not a solution.'

In his final chapter the author makes a searching summation of the peculiar strength and weakness of the Spanish people. 'In the long spectacle of history we Spaniards appear as a courageous attitude'—as an explosion of

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will, rarely balanced, organized or coördinated. That opinion has been reënforced by the incredibly heroic and confused events which have characterized the first year of the Spanish war. It is too soon to estimate whether this inspiring courageous attitude will at last carry the Spanish people to the heights which they so richly deserve. However that may be, *Invertebrate Spain* is a searchlight, slashing through the blackness of Spain's current tragedy and revealing the mainsprings of the Spanish soul in all its grandeur and its misery. This book, like Spain, will live and endure.

—Leland Stowe

Flood-Light on Europe. *By Felix Wittmer. New York: Scribner's Sons. 1937. 541 pages. $3.75.*

MR. WITTMER'S book bears an apt title. Without playing on words, it may with all literalness be called a most illuminating book, bringing into view, as it does, the European scene in its entirety, and enabling the spectator to see what is going on. Books without number, many of them excellent, have been written on particular countries, periods, phases or episodes. Mr. Wittmer has attempted an all-round view, a difficult undertaking, but one for which he was well equipped not only by wide first-hand knowledge of the subject, but also by a certain philosophical habit of seeing things whole. With remarkable steadiness he has threaded his way through the mazes of European politics, and with great skill has brought together and integrated the various factors and elements to produce a synthesis admirable for its comprehensiveness and clarity.

The picture he presents is anything but reassuring: rampant nationalism, militarism, gigantic armaments mounting ever higher, war economy, intolerable burdens of debt and expenditure, ominous rumblings of discontent, the fear of revolution within or of attack from without, the disintegration of the international fabric, disillusionment, pessimism, cynicism, and over all a haunting sense of something dread impending; a continent caught in a current which is carrying it headlong toward a final tragedy to which the ghastly Spanish affair is perhaps a prelude.

Who is to blame—Fascism with its odious doctrine of ruthless force, or Communism with its creed of class war? Both, says the author, but also and equally, democracy, blind to its own glaring inconsistencies and capitalism stupidly pursuing material gain as the sole end of existence. In fact, system for system, Fascism has at least the virtue of unblushing candor. 'Fascism and Communism have one good in common: they shake democracy to its very foundation; and that is what democracy at present needs, for democracy has become sick.' In any case it is no use to rail; Fascism and Communism have in them something dynamic and vital. Despite savage excesses 'the new type of Russia indicates an upward trend in man's evolution;' Nazism has its springs in the 'incurable romanticism' of the German soul; Fascism will not pass away with Mussolini, for 'it is the cry for self-expression of a gifted people which has found itself once more.'

One may take exception to that, and to other opinions of the author as well; but from the logic of the situation he portrays there is no escape. The present state of Europe, and of the world, is unstable, precarious, perilous. There may still be an interval of grace, but the time is short. A little more folly, a little more madness, and chaos! Europe may yet be saved; not however by political miracle or diplomatic legerdemain, but only by the subordination of a nationalism that breeds anarchy to the imperative demands of the real community. Only as Europeans learn to think as Europeans is there any hope of common salvation or even of individual survival.

Mr. Wittmer has written a book to read, reread and ponder. If it jolts us out of our complacency and brings us to a realizing sense of the peril in which we stand, so much the better.

—Theodore Collier

Our Gallant Madness. *By Frederick Palmer. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1937. 320 pages. $2.50.*

DESPITE the attempts of certain leading American statesmen to prepare the United States for eventual participation in the World War, the severance of diplomatic relations with the German Empire, followed by open hostilities, found this country unwilling to face the facts at once or to realize the issues at stake in the European conflict. The American people had convinced themselves of the necessity of fighting on the side of the Allied Powers, but this conviction had come slowly,

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and was translated into terms of guns and men even more slowly.

It is the period leading up to our participation in the war, and the confusion of raising, equipping and sending an army to France that Colonel Palmer describes. He shows how our Government's declaration of war found not only our civil population unprepared, but also our military leaders entirely unready to send the million soldiers to France that the Allies needed immediately in the trenches. Unfortunately, in relating the symptoms in the change of public opinion in this country towards active participation in the war, Colonel Palmer does not present a coördinated picture of events. Rather his book is like the day-book of an interne in a hospital who wanders occasionally into the room of a patient suffering from a strange new malady.

Certain points which Colonel Palmer emphasizes are often forgotten in the controversy over the mistakes made by our soldiers and public men in France. The fact that they were able to equip and send abroad enough men so that they were carrying on an offensive with their own artillery and under their own flag eighteen months after war was declared was certainly no mean achievement, especially since that offensive was through the Argonne, some of the most difficult country for army maneuvers in Northern France. The 'sons of Sylvanus Thayer,' as he calls the regular army officers who were graduates of West Point, turned out an army of which they might be proud, though they were using untrained civilians to fill the ranks.

The way in which the Americans adapted themselves to new situations and conditions is also described by the Colonel. After three years, during which they had been prepared by Allied propaganda to expect an Allied victory in the near future, the American generals found on their arrival in France that the Germans were not only far from being beaten, but that the British and French were on the defensive.

—James G. Simonds

The Struggle for the Pacific. *By Gregory Bienstock. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. 299 pages. $4.00.*

WRITING in Europe primarily for Europeans, Gregory Bienstock's avowed purpose is to prove that 'people living on either Atlantic coast are seriously affected by what happens in the Western Pacific and that they may be vitally affected.' His general theme in *The Struggle for the Pacific* (recently issued in an English translation) is that 'it is within the Pacific region that the great historical events of the next hundred years will take place.' But he is particularly concerned with emphasizing that 'any attempt to bring about a balance of power in Europe on a purely continental basis is as futile as that to square the circle. The balance of power in Europe can never be more than a part of the problem of a world balance of power.' Europeans, he says, are too much interested in their difficulties at home to realize the vital importance to them of the growing conflict of interests in the Western Pacific and the Far East which has resulted from European expansion into that region and, more particularly, from the rise of Japanese military power, Russian expansion eastward and the spread of the United States westward.

In the first two of his three chapters, Mr. Bienstock tells the stories of 'The Pacific World in the Making' and 'Rivalries in the Pacific.' Here he goes over ground already familiar to students of Far Eastern affairs, although he brings in material from Russian, Czech and German sources which has not been available to most Americans. He gives his account a sweep and a world perspective which are refreshingly worth while and devotes to the extraordinarily rapid spread of Russian influence into Siberia and beyond the attention which it deserves but has not often received.

The last chapter is a detailed analysis of what probably would be the character and results of a Russo-Japanese or an American-Japanese war. These, he says, are 'the most probable variants of a military conflict in the Pacific,' though 'it may be taken for granted that in the present foreign political situation no two-Power conflict is likely to remain such.' Russia or the United States probably could defeat Japan, he concludes, but victory would come in either case only after a long and strenuous war.

Mr. Bienstock writes in the *Realpolitik* tradition, and though his book contains information of value to the technical student of world affairs it is too exclusively concerned with political and military matters to give the general reader a well-balanced picture of present social

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or economic trends in the Pacific area countries. And, to this reviewer, he seems greatly to under-estimate the importance of non-political and non-military factors.

—Grover Clark

Dear Theo: The Autobiography of Vincent Van Gogh. *Edited by Irving Stone. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. 572 pages. $3.75.*

A STRANGE power, a kind of other-world serenity, seems to lie behind the calms and tempests of those wonderful letters, written by Vincent Van Gogh to the brother without whose faith and help the artist's legacy of color and imagination must have been lost to us. The book is a tribute to that brother's tireless patience and belief, for we know that van Gogh was not an 'easy' person; indeed, he recognized his own blemishes.

The letters written in the early days, from England and the Borinage, are usually mild and tranquil. Later the mildness gives way more and more often to a wild and contorted intensity, presaging the final breakdown. We know how this inward frenzy cast its spell over the painter's life, and we think of it as it endures in his work, transfigured and raised to a pinnacle of dramatic and personal expression. This was the price the painter had to pay for his genius; we who are less and luckier people can only look and marvel. For us his agonies of perception and expression are all transmuted into loveliness. The letters take us behind the scenes, into the tortured workrooms where van Gogh struggled for utterance, and with the letters as background, the pictures take on a more intense, sometimes a terrible significance. In the painter's own words, 'the one explains and completes the other.'

Lately narratives by people who have been the victims of mental disorder have become increasingly popular. None of those I have come upon has passages equal to the last section of *Dear Theo*, where the artist, with infinite pathos and courage and the fine and honorable simplicity that distinguishes all his letters, speaks of his madness.

These letters—for they are hardly the 'autobiography' of the title—are endlessly quotable. Early in his career, van Gogh expressed himself in a phrase that probably kept its significance for him all his life: 'Let us keep courage and try to be patient and gentle. And not mind being eccentric, and make distinction between good and evil.' And from Arles, eleven years later, when the end was not far off, with a half-humorous resignation and the courage that never faltered until the mists had closed round him: 'After all, we must take our share of the diseases of our time—in a way it is only fair that having lived some years in comparatively good health we should have had our share of bad health sooner or later. I should not exactly have chosen madness, if I had had a choice, but once you have an affair of that sort, you can't catch it again. And there will perhaps be this consolation if one is able to go on working a bit at painting.'

Dear Theo is unique. Everyone who has enjoyed van Gogh's pictures, everyone who wants to know more about his inmost thoughts, everyone who values a true tale of struggle, heroism and fidelity will be glad of the opportunity of reading and treasuring such a book as this.

—Henry Bennett

The Ring is Closed. *By Knut Hamsun. Translated by Eugene Gay-Tifft. New York: Coward McCann. 1937. 322 pages. $2.50.*

THE last of a series of novels giving Hamsun's views on life, *The Ring is Closed*, is something of a satire, in style quaint and slyly eccentric, with frequent gossipy asides and excursions into the fantastic edge of realism in the manner of an old folk tale.

It is the story of Abel, who preferred the life of a vagabond and idler to the narrow and prescribed routine lived by his neighbors. There is much of the satiric folk tale in its matter. The swarming characters and episodes at times seem too grotesque to be real, yet on closer examination have the breath of reality in them. Abel himself is the sort of man who would go into folk history, a man standing head and shoulders above his fellows in some ways, a man marked apart and living apart, untouched by their prejudices and rules,-completely independent, completely the individualist.

He leaves home as a youngster, taking a berth as a sailor. For years he is out of sight and out of the ken of the home folks, drifting from the sea to work as mechanic, builder, farmer, laborer, and finally shop-lifter and burglar. He sinks deep into the delicious dregs

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of life with a faithless prostitute whom he picks up; and there he gets the taste for idling that is never to leave him. After her accidental death, he returns home to live in idleness, spending freely the money that his father had left him, lending or giving away the rest with royal and uncalculating lavishness. He chafes restlessly when his young stepmother Lola tries to make him respectable; he talks vaguely of getting work when he goes broke; he exists on petty pilferings and beggings; he seduces a few of the married women who had been childhood friends of his. And when Lola does finally get him a job as skipper of the coastwise steamer, he throws it up after a few months and goes vagabonding again. But he enjoys himself always, not with the zestful relish of a gourmand but with a sluggish, lazy satisfaction spiced just to the right amount by the proddings of his conscience and of Lola.

Though rich and detailed, *The Ring is Closed* is inferior to its predecessors. The narrative is kaleidoscopic; the episodes scatter and skip and scurry in all directions, and there are long passages when the story itself sleeps and the scurrying goes on empty of meaning. Remarkable as it is for its portrait of the vagabond Abel and the frustrated Lola, and for the feel of the bourgeois village life that it gives, it is on the whole a disappointment to the devotee of Hamsun.

—Arthur Heinemann

Wheel of Fortune. *By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Arthur Livingston. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. 549 pages. $2.50.*

THERE is something cruel and almost sadistic in the indifference with which Moravia chooses and treats his characters and plots. Those who have read his first novel, *The Indifferent Ones,* will find that in this second novel the author's field of action has broadened: moral and social tragedy here overtake and engulf not a single but several families. Withal, ambitions and the methods of realizing them remain unchanged.

The motive force of *Wheel of Fortune* is Andreina who, seduced by a Don Juan when still in high school, feels that she has a bill to settle with society. She wants to become a Marchioness. Beautiful and intelligent, with inflexible will-power, she sets to her task like a starving tigress. She annihilates allies and enemies who are all made more or less of the same stuff as herself. It appears that the characters are all related to one another, and share a common and favorite form of vengeance which consists in sleeping with husband, brother or sister of their adversary. Deceit, treason, violence and even murder is their code. Partially emerging from the quagmire of their corruption they thrive and struggle a moment only to sink back again to greater depths.

The story is told with great power; the delineation of the characters with the exception of Sofia, a weak, insignificant type who remains pure to the end, is remarkable. The author has a genius for this. Unfortunately the plot is unconvincing and forced. It is a monstrous barocco.

Since the book depicts Roman society in an advanced state of decomposition, striking in its contrast with the pseudo-imperial austerity of the Fascist Era, its appearance was unanimously ignored by Italian critics.

—Michele Cantarella

The Olive Tree. *By Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1937. 307 pages. $2.75.*

MR. HUXLEY appears to be going through the same transformation that has become characteristic of many of our less conspicuous writers. As his talent for writing novels degenerates, he becomes the more significant a critic.

Indeed, he becomes a really significant critic. There is no comparison between the value of the ideas in *The Olive Tree* and those in so poor a novel as *Eyeless in Gaza.* His recent novels have been shot through with sentimentality and have dissolved at the end into some ambiguous formula which seeks to socialize his rampant individualism, his solicitude for the voice of dissent. His recognition that a novel requires a plot has driven him into generalizations which his type of mind is not adapted to make. But in the more tentative form of the essay this struggle for a comprehensive point of view becomes unnecessary and disappears. Along with it has gone also the sentimentality and the acid sarcasm that compensated for it. These essays are dispassionate, without tension and, if irony appears—as in 'Justification,' where the predecessors of Father Divine among the white evangelists are discussed—it is implicit in the quoted documents.

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The subjects are varied enough to keep the reader from any sense of repetition, and the presence of short essays removes the hazard of mental strain. The first essay, on 'Writers and Readers,' is virtually a discussion of literature and propaganda. Mr. Huxley does not think literature very successful in that capacity. He finds it rather the cement that holds already existing beliefs together; it has the power of confirmation but not that of conversion. He remarks upon the multitude of anti-war novels that came before the present rearmament race. But he does not get beyond the psychological analysis. The futility of anti-war novels would be less mysterious if he had discerned the economic process that lies behind the psychological.

In a similar fashion, Mr. Huxley criticizes the degenerating effect of political dictatorship upon creative writing at the same time that he feels the need for some modern belief to take the place of Christian tradition. But he does not discuss the distinction between the domination of a doctrine and a dictatorship. He prefers to remain allusive even though the relation between the individual and society is the basic problem of modern times according to the tradition of dissent and scepticism he represents.

The excellent Introduction he wrote for the *Letters of D. H. Lawrence,* which is here reprinted, very sympathetically presents Lawrence's mystical solution, but though some of Huxley's novels suggest his own concurrence, the tentativeness of these essays bids us suspend judgment. Some hope for a solution might be expected from the essay on 'Words and Behavior,' in which Huxley shows how dictators take advantage of possible shifts in the meanings of abstract words like 'force' and 'nation,' in order to use language for a purpose opposite to its intent—to confuse rather than to clarify. But he does not apply this criticism to the mystical terminology of his friend Lawrence. The best one can say is that he refuses to repeat the error himself. Rather than be vague, he remains silent and agnostic.

—Edwin Berry Burgum

Nights of an Old Child. *By Heinz Liepmann. Translated from the German by A. Lynton Hudson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1937. 260 pages. $2.50.*

THIS novel is the autobiography of an adolescent who was never a child. Born in Germany in 1905 and orphaned by the war, his life was for many years a fantastic nightmare spent amid insanity, corruption and despair. Throughout this period he sought reality among the dregs of Germany and America, to which he came as a stowaway, but he could find it only after breaking a suicide pact with a girl as lost as himself. This is an adolescent book, confused and neurotic, but it is a singularly moving picture of a sensitive youth in a disintegrating world.

—Joseph Kresh

[*Reviewers who are making their first appearance in 'Our Own Bookshelf' of this month include: Leland Stowe, writer and lecturer, who was Paris correspondent for the Herald Tribune for nine years; Theodore Collier, head of the department of history at Brown University; Grover Clark, author of many works on the Far East, the more recent being* The Great Wall Crumbles *and* A Place in the Sun; *and James G. Simonds, who is on the staff of the Herald Tribune.*]

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

SPONSORED by the Foreign Policy Association and the New Jersey Joint Council on International Relations, the Third Annual Leadership Training Institute on International Problems will be held this year from August 22nd to the 29th at Schifftown, New Jersey. Beautiful surroundings and a large variety of recreational facilities make the site ideal for the purposes of the conference, since it is intended that study and recreation shall be combined. As for the serious aspects of the Institute, young people interested in world affairs will gather each day beside the lake, in informal camp attire, to discuss the causes of war, world danger spots, and American foreign policy. Reservations may still be made through the Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th Street, New York City); the Institute's charge of $25 covers all expenses except transportation.

THE National Council for Prevention of War (532 17th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.) announces that it has thrown its full support to Representative Louis Ludlow's resolution requiring a national referendum before the United States can declare war except in the event of invasion. The petition to report the resolution out of committee had been signed by 143 House members out of the 218 necessary on July 7th. Members of the Council and its associated organizations are being asked to urge their Representatives to support this measure. The Council has also approved the Nye-Fish Bill, which would embargo exports of arms in peacetime, as a means of strengthening the existing neutrality legislation.

FIVE holders of Walter Hines Page Scholarships, given by various British organizations in honor of the war-time Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, are to visit the United States during August and September and will be entertained by the English Speaking Union of the United States in the national headquarters (R. C. A. Building, Rockefeller Center, New York City). Two other English visitors will be in the United States this Summer on Chautauqua Scholarships, which are given by the Chautauqua Association. The Union announces that in coöperation with the English Speaking Union of Great Britain arrangements have been made for sixteen Teacher's Exchanges between British and American preparatory schools for the year 1937–1938. When the plan was inaugurated in 1925 there were only two such exchanges.

ON JULY 1st the Pan-American Union announced that it had arranged to cooperate with the World Wide Broadcasting Foundation of Boston in preparing a series of educational and cultural programs designed especially for Latin American listeners. The series is to be started early in the fall with broadcasts over the short-wave facilities of the Foundation, and re-broadcasts of the same programs by means of records will be made later by local stations throughout Latin America. The nature of the programs has been carefully worked out after extensive research for nearly a year in all the Latin American republics, and will be designed to meet the requirements and desires of the radio audiences in those countries. Especially significant is the fact that the programs will be prepared with the active support and direct collaboration of prominent Latin American educators and other cultural leaders.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

ocean that threatens to engulf it is described by a correspondent who found it expedient to withhold his identity. [p. 503] In 'Sweden: A Long Way to Utopia' we find that that country's boosters have gone somewhat beyond the facts. The author is Seved Apelgvist, editor of *Vi*, the leading coöperative magazine in Sweden, which boasts a circulation of more than 500,000. [p. 506] The 'Parliament of Women,' comes from Hermann Göring's *National-Zeitung* of Essen, and it describes Estonia's unique Corporate Chamber of Housewives. [p. 508]

IF WE recall correctly, anyone may visit a short section of the Paris sewers during January. Maurice Romain, who serves as our proxy, managed to secure official permission and assistance in making a much more extensive tour of 'The Intestines of Leviathan.' [p. 518]

THE two articles in our group on Japan show how ill-balanced is the Japanese equation between material and spiritual strength. Günther Stein, the Tokyo correspondent of the *Pester Lloyd* and one of the most reliable journalists in the Far East, asks and answers the question 'Can Japan Keep Pace?' In other words, has Japan the industrial and economic resources to compete in the armament race and carry on to fulfill the destiny which she feels to be hers? Herr Stein's survey of Japan's material condition is unusually timely in view of the war clouds in the Far East. [p. 522] Jacques E. Marcuse, a brilliant young French writer, whose short story 'The Pilot's Idea,' appeared in the June issue, describes his reunion with a former classmate at the Sorbonne in 'Tsuneo Becomes a Soldier.' Here we get a conception of the patriotism and self-abnegation in the service of the Emperor which make the Japanese such fine soldiers. [p. 525]

CANADA, like the United States, is a melting pot of races and cultures; and like the United States she is vast, incloses a variety of economic interests and has a comparatively brief history. In view of the Dominion's sectional handicaps, Reginald G. Trotter, a Canadian historian, inquires into the existence of 'A Canadian Culture?' [p. 528]

FROM the multitude of brief sketches and essays which have appeared in the foreign press we have chosen three of unusual interest. They have been grouped together under the title 'Attitudes.' '*Salud y Pesetas*' reveals some important reactions to the civil war among Spaniards of various classes. The author, George Young, has been in the British diplomatic service, wrote *The New Spain* in 1933 and is now serving with a British hospital unit behind the Loyalist lines on the Cordova front. [p. 539] The second sketch, 'Cupid in China,' is a description of Chinese marriage customs by a Chinese. [p. 536] The last, 'Decoys for the Dictator,' is by Jolán Földes, the young Hungarian novelist who sprang comet-like into the European literary firmament last year with her prize-winning *Rue du Chat qui Pêche*, published in the United States under the title *Street of the Fishing Cat* by Farrar and Rinehart. [p. 539]

THE first of our 'Persons' this month is Camille Chautemps, who has twice before headed French Cabinets, and who this time will have to tackle the urgent task of adjusting government finances before he can attempt to 'govern in accord with the wishes of the people.' [p. 509] The Yugoslav Premier, Milan Stoyadinovich, is the subject of the second brief biography by a German journalist. [p. 512] Our third sketch deals with Heinrich Himmler, the redoubtable Chief of the German Gestapo, who has created the most powerful and far-reaching spy system ever devised by any nation. [p. 515]

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